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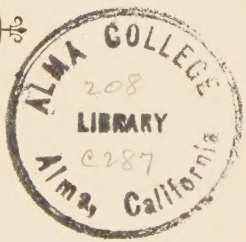

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THOUGHTS FOR FREETHINKERS

By Dr. WILLIAM BARRY

TO ANY AND EVERY YOUNG MAN.

Will you give me five minutes, my dear lad, of your spare time? I have a word to say to you. Take it or leave it; but first hear what it is.

I speak to you as no longer a child. You have, I will suppose, just got away from school, college, or even university, from the sixth standard, or the top form, or the last examination you ever mean to face. When your work is done and shop or office closed, you call no man Master. You are *free*, that is to say, Lord of yourself from head to heel, as you pace the streets, stand at the bar, kick the football, row, or ride, or cycle, perhaps "put a little bit" on horses you have never seen, or gamble in stocks through an outside broker. Anyhow, freedom is the word.

"Yes," you tell us older men proudly, "I shall do just what I like, not what anybody else likes." And the blood sings in your veins, life brightens in your eyes, you walk the world as a young god, careless, undaunted, one splendid piece of vitality from top to toe. Happy fellow! The mere sight of you is enough to kindle a spark in worn-out eyes and heart. We don't grudge you all that, my lad; never think it. But how would it be, I ask you, if we happen to know by sharp experience something of the road you will have to travel? Would you not listen, if you could be sure we cared about you,—just you,—and not ourselves who before the hour strikes will be slipping off the stage? Do not fancy me as a priest or parson, but only as a man that

yesterday felt himself youthful, and to-day with a start looks back on the vanished years which have told him the meaning of life.

Read and then decide. That is all I ask.

Freedom !

And so, you assure me with a laugh that you are free. Freedom ! The great strong word of our day, opening every prison, breaking every chain ! You swear that you have it and will have it, cost what it may. Free thought ! "Why be a slave bound to believe in any man's lies ?" Free speech ! "My lips are my own ; why keep them closed, when I feel within me words burning to be uttered ?" Free love ! "Ah, the divine draught, killing sweet, one great rapture of sense and spirit ! For how can I love by order, at the beck of parents, law, society, and all the rest which is not my very self ?" Free life ! "Why should I not get full value out of my time ? Who but an idiot would look on while it runs to waste in the gutter ? Come, let me enjoy it every minute. Gather we roses while we may, as the old song bids us. Life is short."

This you say, or you act upon it without saying. It is the wisdom of youth, all flush and lusty with springtide blossoms. But there is something else. For, O, young man with sparkling eyes and forward stride, you are no coward. Your nerve answers to bold challenges, to the strange delights of blows given and taken, to the fever of games, and to the marching-music of war. You follow any flag that goes where cannon thunder. You take the beautiful life that is in your limbs, and fling it on the enemy's bayonets, with a laugh and a shout. How long is it since you were crying passionately to be let loose into that South African hell of flame and blood ? Why do you now feel your heart throb with admiration for those "Yankees of the East," the little brown men that die smilingly, in frost and snow, under a hailstorm of dynamite, or in the boiling waves at Port Arthur, that their country may escape the Cossack

peril? Why? I say. Tell me what it means. You want to live, don't you? Yet no sooner does a trumpet sound than you start up and throw your life away. A hero are you, my lad, or a fool?

A hero, beyond all doubt. For you refuse to buy life with slavery or fear. That intoxicating cup you dash from your lips rather than sell your freedom for it. I praise, I envy you. Here is the field on which we clasp hands—this field of liberty. Here must be fought the battle of manhood. Like a hero you speak it; as an elder brother, I take you at your word. But now, let us look a little more closely at this Freedom, which tramples on every kind of servitude, scorns death, and owns no master but Courage, Truth, and Love.

Which of you is Free?

Who is free among your comrades, young man? To be free is to hold in a chain every power not ourselves which would rob us of our strength, our manliness, our self-control, our character. We have resolved to make and shape our lives into something admirable, though we die in achieving it. Is that not so? Well then, look round!

Is Jack free, who cannot hold out twenty-four hours, if he does not enjoy his "nips," his frequent cigarettes, his foul talk, and the other things which are not to be hinted in a decent style? Jack, the bondslave of every craving that takes him by the throat? Could any poor scarecrow of a Feather-top in Hawthorne's parable (which must have been written for Jack) be more at the mercy of wind and weather than this dressed-up thing we know as "Jack"? Do you call him a *man?* Not rather a bundle of refuse,—brain, lungs, stomach, and all that he happens to be, soaked in putrefaction? I put it to you, my friend, who have not yet given in to "nipping," nor have fallen so completely under the spell of "my Lady Nicotine," who keep your lips undefiled, and respect your own body. What say you? What says Jack himself in his lucid intervals? Compare him physically with the sweet and wholesome

lad he was before these devilish drugs and all too degrading follies got into his flesh and his bones. He *was* free in those days. How is it now with Jack?

Here, again, is Charlie, not bad-looking, prettily groomed, "hail fellow well met" with everybody; but wax instead of tempered steel. Charlie never did like the stuff that makes him sick; he is at heart a gentleman; but he borrows his colour, much as those caterpillars do that Darwin talks about, from the leaves over which he crawls. All his vices are parasitic, mere imitations of the imitable around him. We are fond of Charlie, but do we count him a *free* man? Let us chalk it up brutally,—under that agreeable outside there is no inside worthy of a moment's love or kindness. The old unmanageable English bulldog, Tear'em, had more virtue in his rough skin than a city full of Charlies. Where is that fine independence gone? What! steep yourself in filthy narcotics or stimulants, muddy your tongue, ruin your health, run into debt, make people look down on you, all because you cannot say No? And you prate of freedom! There was an age when Europe recognized the Englishman in Goldsmith's imperial verses:

> "I see the lords of human kind pass by,
> Pride in their port, defiance in their eye."

But now, unlucky dog, in your trembling muscles, in your fainting heart, whose badge do you wear? You are the slave of other slaves, and you hunt with the pack.

Take another sample. Fred, as clever a young chap as ever bought or sold in the market, can turn his hand to all sorts of business, but in every bargain he sells himself to begin with. He has beliefs, for he is no fool,—economic, political, or religious. But he writes against them, year in, year out. He is a Radical or a Socialist in the pay of a Tory journal; by conviction a reformer, he scoffs at his own cherished ideals in leading articles which persuade the multitude. Or he is an authority on finance, and he paints up scoundrels in

heavenly hues ; drafts eloquent prospectuses, of which not only the adverbs and conjunctions but the verbs and figures in leaded type are every one of them lies ; passes balance-sheets that wreck homes, drive men on suicide, cheat sanctimoniously the widows and orphans who cannot but appear in this abominable farce of the company-promoter. Fred, you must understand, has culture, large views, and even right feelings. But he serves the Devil for what he can get. If you tax him with apostasy over the dinner-table, he shrugs his shoulders and quotes with a grin :

"One of Heaven's Swiss that fight on either side."

Now tell me, was ever a Southern negro more heavily ironed than this man ? Die and be free ! But no, the fettered life is Fred's choice,—the kennel, the dirty scraps, the kicks and cuffs bestowed on him by his millionaire proprietor, whose collar is round his neck. "Sold," says George Eliot in a biting epigram, "but not paid for." Such is Fred.

Shall we continue to explore in this gallery of failures ? It runs on without end. Or have we seen enough ? Mind you, lad, the question how these failures came to be is not at present my concern. But what is the reading on the sign-post ? I will construe it for you in words not my own. "Freedom," says a celebrated anarchist, Peter Kropotkin, quoting some one else, "Freedom is not a thing to be granted ; it is a thing to be taken."

For dear Life !

If you intend to be free, you must fight for it.

Fight for your liberty to think free thoughts, to love right love, to live the higher life. No recruiting-sergeant will come round to enlist you ; but there is an army on the march, and you can join it, provided you make up your mind.

To do what ?

I answer, *to live the best human life.*

Does any one know what that life is ?

Again I reply confidently, we *do* know it; we have seen and handled it. I appeal in proof of that assertion not to fancy, but to fact,—to fact and experience,—to the science which is valid, for it has been put to the test, over and over again, by the individual and the multitude, under every variety of climate, colour, and civilization.

Will you join our Flag?

The free soul is not afraid of death. Do you fear it, my brave young comrade? "No," you reply on the instant, "not I, never any more. I trample that fear under my heel. I am at least as plucky as a Japanese boy that dies for his Emperor."

Are you? Then be it so. The new life, the larger life, springs up at that word. You scorn death, for you love something better than yourself. Love is a willing service. You would give breath and all for your native land, for your friend in his extreme danger, for your sweetheart or your wife. Who doubts that? Then mark the consequence. As you would die for them, cannot you live for them?

Be a hero, I say, in the struggle to make that better life possible, ay, present, here and now, in this England, which is so mournfully prosperous, so dismally rich, enslaved to poverty, drink, gambling, hideous vice in men and women, in which no greatest poet or painter could describe the deeps of social misery. Join, I say again, the Army of social Redemption.

You are willing? Hear, then, some of the conditions.

The Soldier's Pocket-Book.

That army has a soldier's Pocket-Book. It is not so late a thing as the volume issued by Lord Wolseley or Lord Roberts; but its regulations are far more binding. Let me offer you one which, short as it is, will when properly seen into carry you a long way on the road to victory. The Book says, in its quaint old English, "Love worketh no evil to his neighbour." Read the

words over slowly, read them twice to make sure you have got them right. Now ask me how we shall understand this order of the day.

"Love" is a lovely word, more enchanting even than Freedom. And yours, my happy lad, is the season of love. Do not mistake me. I mean exactly what I have this moment uttered. If in the glory of youth no love can be found, it is dead, cold marble, not life and energy. Love is, indeed, of all tenses, but chiefly of the springtide. And love "worketh no evil to his neighbour," not in the April of his prime or in the flush of the June roses. You look at me, young Sir, with inquiring, perhaps with startled eyes. Yes, you have begun to grasp the heroic significance of those words, on which you never thought before.

Was that Love?

There are, in this Christian and civilized England, thousands of mothers who were never wives; and how many poor children who, in another than the Scripture sense, call no man Father? Women shamed, children forsaken, can you count the number or the cost of them? The dishonour of great cities flows away in a never-ending stream, to asylums, reformatories, prisons, to dreadful hospitals, and coroners' inquests, and graves before which sorrow is stricken dumb. Oh, my young Hero, is any of that blood sticking to thy hands? Hast thou woven a wedding-ring of that dead woman's hair? And thy child's golden locks, do they put thee in mind of another sunny head which thou darest not own? Wilt thou hereafter be eminently well-to-do, earning fame and income, smooth-voiced, gentle-handed, chivalrous, yet all the while a breaker of oaths, a woman-slayer whom the law cannot overtake, father of the outcast and the thief that is to be, the worse than orphan, blasted from his birth, suffering for thy sin? "Love worketh no evil to his neighbour." What evil hast thou wrought, in shameful secrecy?

Talk not to me of temptation, example, drunken hours; nay, nor of social pressure. Didst thou not

boast in my hearing that thou wert *free!* Free, therefore, to curb thyself rather than destroy another in the sacred name of Love. Free to starve thine appetite, when it became as a wolf ready to feed on blood, furious in its passion. Free to act the hero's part,—nay, the simple manly part,—which at the cost of pain to itself spares the woman and the child. Who is the more loathsome here? Assuredly not the victim. And if law and custom league with her betrayer,—young man, I say unto thee, arise; add thy efforts to those which will at length make an end of this crying injustice. For it is time the man who glories in his strength should own his responsibility, not shelter himself behind iniquitous usages which Belial has foisted upon the code of honour.

You have heard of a fever-haunted prophet, one Leo Tolstoy, a Russian, who in loud, strident tones condemns modern marriage as detestable and unclean. How should that be? For marriage is sacred as it is beautiful, in its idea; it is the crown and consecration of youth. But a man should come to it stainless, even as the maiden he weds. You cannot receive this hard saying? Then where is your *freedom*, your proud self-centred independence, which ought to feel a stain like a wound? Dare you face me out that one sex is by nature doomed to suffer, while the other may follow after its lusts? Will you pretend that the man has rights which cannot but be the woman's wrongs? Mark well then, I say to any such disputant, mark, thou profligate, here is no sentimental puling about love's young dream, but the stern inquiry, what hast thou done with this creature's body and soul? Where is thy miserable offspring, thou coward and runaway? Shall Margaret be a child-murderer, and Faust get off scot-free? This is that bond of wickedness which Tolstoy denounces, and herein he is justified.

So then, my Hero, the dreadful thing with its pollutions which I may not name, but which so many practise, shall be far from thee. Thou shalt love the tender companion whom thou choosest, at any rate as

much as thyself; to thee she shall be holy as was thine own Mother, sweetest of all earthly names. For her sake thou wilt keep thyself pure, coming to thy wedding-day not a deserter from some miserable Effie Deans, but with a light conscience and a forehead lifted up, rejoicing as a true and not a false bridegroom over the bride. Does that call for heroism? But listen to wise old Carlyle, who tells thee that until pureness of heart be required from men, as it now is (or until lately was) from women, all manner of devout thought and noble action will be found impossible. That was the teaching of Puritan Scotland; it is, and ever must be, the plain doctrine of the Christian Church.

But if any lewd fellow deny it, ask him, my Hero, what he means by "love." He does not mean what you and I mean. Is it not clear as the sun at noonday, that the Home, in which, and nowhere else, the average man finds his better self, can last only so long as fancy is kept in bounds by resolution and a check put upon its ramblings? For love implies the deliberate, unchangeable preference of one out of all the world. What sort of training for this Holy Estate is the indulgence that leaves a man degraded and ashamed, or hardened so that he knows not how low he has fallen? Let thy home, therefore, be set up on self-control. Be the memory of youth a joy and an encouragement to thee, not a dark chamber of horrors. Then, rely upon it, happiness will be thy portion in the days to come. Love will answer love; the years of strenuous virtue will have brought their reward.

Malthus and Marriage.

But home, to be lasting, supposes an inviolable and inviolate marriage. Thus, long ago, the volume taught which is, in letter and spirit, the rule of life. "Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled," so its great sentence runs. Nevertheless, of late years, a new Gospel has been loudly trumpeted to east and west which is not the utterance of Christ and St. Paul, but

which comes from quite a different source, and bears on its front the name of Malthus. Do you know who Malthus was? I will tell you.

Thomas Robert Malthus was a clergyman of some ability, a well-meaning scholar, and in all his domestic relations highly to be praised, who put before the world, first in 1798, and then in 1803, an *Essay on Population* as affecting the future good of society. Up till this time, it had always been supposed that a State was bound to encourage the growth of families, and that the more numerous its inhabitants, so much the more likely it was to thrive. Progress in numbers meant progress in wealth, power, and civilization. Large families were looked upon, therefore, as public benefits; early marriage was favoured, and Laws, especially the English Poor Law, dealt kindly with an increase of offspring which, it was thought, could not, on the whole, but enrich the country by supplying it with capable citizens. This ancient and well-established view did, certainly, take for granted that wherever there were mouths God would fill them. He sent the children, it was said, and He would provide the harvest. Such is the doctrine which Goldsmith has illustrated in his amiable *Vicar of Wakefield*; and no one called it in question,—though it was clearly liable to abuse,—until the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus inquired whether it was true that Providence had spread a banquet for all the children of men.

He answered, emphatically, that it had not. The board was scantily furnished, the harvest unequal to demands upon it. In his own words, population was ever pressing on subsistence. Population, if unchecked, would double in every twenty-five years. Mankind tended to increase in a "geometrical ratio"; but provision could be made for it only in an "arithmetical ratio." How, then, was the balance of nature maintained? Observe the reply. Malthus affirmed that it could be done solely by what he called "preventive checks." These had hitherto been disease, war, and famine, which killed off the superfluous. But

if men were wise and prudent, he told his readers, they would not wait for these dreadful scourges. They would exercise self-control, or the "moral check," and refrain from wedlock until they had secured a provision for their offspring. He was a moral man himself; and the single commandment he gave was this, "Do not marry till you have a fair prospect of supporting a family." Such is the doctrine of Malthus in his celebrated *Essay on Population.*

The Neo-Malthusians.

A hundred years have passed, and things are exceedingly unlike what they were when this respectable clergyman wrote. His "moral restraint" implied and demanded a single life on the part of multitudes, who were hardly capable of the virtues which celibacy ought to involve. But, in any event, Malthus did not suggest or advise the limiting of offspring in marriage. That principle, which took an enormous extension in France after the Revolution of 1789, came in with new laws, which favoured the division of landed property by insisting on the equal claims of all the children whom a testator left behind. The soil of France could not be multiplied (except by conquest), and as men wanted to preserve their estates intact, they made up their minds that large families were undesirable. Accordingly, the French birth-rate began to fall and has been steadily going down, since the time of Napoleon. It is now exceeded by the death-rate; and if emigrants from Italy or Belgium did not make up the loss, France would be wasting away in numbers, in resources, and in every kind of power. This Devil's gospel is known as the Neo-Malthusian doctrine. But the true name for it is "racial suicide." The race, under pressure of motives which may all be reduced to cowardly fear and a thirst for ignoble gratification, thus resolves to sacrifice the future, and does, in fact, doom itself to be wiped off the face of the earth.

These fraudulent marriages have long been notorious on the other side of the English Channel. From end

to end French society is infected with suicidal mania; only in some few districts, where the Christian religion still exerts an influence, do we see the old healthy laws observed which consecrate hearth and home. "The most hideous of crimes," says a distinguished authority in Paris, "are committed against the holiest of duties, thanks to the spirit which reigns unchecked of money-making, pleasure-seeking, and disbelief." I quote from a man who is neither Catholic nor "clerical"; but whose wide experience makes him a witness to whom nobody can object. However, all we have to do, if we would measure the peril of France, is to read the public tables which record its births and its deaths. "In no civilized country of the world," says Herr Bebel, the German Socialist, "are marriages relatively so numerous as in France, and in none is the average number of children so small." That great and brilliant race will, in no long time, be extinct as a nation, unless it renounces the practice of fraudulent marriage. The laws of Nature inflict on this crime capital punishment. Neo-Malthusians are evil-doers, condemned alike by morality and by patriotism; neither will the Providence which they blaspheme suffer them to continue long in the land. For it is everlastingly true, as another French physician writes,—not a priest or a preacher, observe,—that "the laws of morals are the soul of a nation; they, and they alone, can keep it flourishing in vital force, in power, and in prosperity."

Unbelief and its Consequences.

Now mark what I am going to say. Towards the year 1830 a movement of ideas began in England which greatly favoured the old, and by degrees brought in the new, Malthusian principle of "preventive checks." It is associated with names like Bentham, James Mill and his son the famous John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer, who died the other day. I need not tell you that none of these men were Christians. They professed to be at the head of modern thought, and to a man they believed in limiting the family, as part and

parcel of the great economic reform which, by every means in their power, they advocated. It was especially to the working classes that they addressed their arguments, for those were naturally the classes in which population pressed on subsistence. The best known champion of Malthusian practice, as you are doubtless aware, was Mr. Bradlaugh, who termed himself "Iconoclast," or the idol-breaker, and who was commonly regarded as an atheist. At all events, he fought against the Christian creed with might and main. It is melancholy to record that in this detestable warfare on the English race and religion, women took their part; but we need not delay to mention them. Economic motives, therefore,—in plain words, the question of daily bread,—were brought to bear on the labouring class. But it was perfectly evident that such motives were no less available and to the purpose in a large section of the middle or commercial and professional class; while in ranks higher up, in what goes by the name of "society," motives just as powerful, drawn from ease and pleasure, were lying in wait to seduce, corrupt, and destroy the woman of fashion and her daughters.

Come, then, to the present time. England prides itself on being a moral and Christian people, and not as "this publican," France, which advertises its own sins too openly. But the English birth-rate is declining; and the Black Death of fraudulent marriage is spreading in all classes, abroad as well as at home. One of our most thoughtful newspapers, the late London *Pilot*, declared emphatically that the British Empire was perishing by the vice of Neo-Malthusians, or the preventive check. Australia gives strong confirmation to this gloomy view by its public figures and the alarm which they have excited. So much is this the case that in October, 1904, the Catholic Australian Congress, gathered at Melbourne, passed a resolution calling attention to "race-suicide," and imploring the Government of the Commonwealth to take measures against an evil so portentous. All physicians in large practice

know that in England these crimes are multiplied at a rate far beyond anything which was true of the previous generations. Clergymen, social workers, and the police authorities could bear the like witness. And it does not require much acquaintance with what is said in "good society," to learn that such things are more and more tolerated in circles where, a little while ago, they would not have been imagined. Large families, said a well-known public man lately, have gone out of fashion. Others will have remarked how many of the young married households about them are childless. Proofs, in fact, accumulate on every side that the old English home is threatened as it never was before. Consider what all this really means.

"A dwindling birth-rate," says the Registrar-General in his colourless pages. I call it race-murder, and ask you to call it so, too. The number of children born per thousand of the population in 1875 was thirty-five ; in 1900 it had fallen as low as twenty-nine. Is not this poisoning the wells of life ? Free Marriage is the cry. But are those *free*, the convict-pair, chained together by a foul offence against their kind that sinks them below the brute ? If we saw things as they are, we should draw back appalled from this widespread inhuman horror, and look for the sky to dart its thunderbolts, the earth to cast up her fires, until the men and women were consumed who thus degrade our name and nature. Imagine not, young Englishman, that I am talking a dead language. As you live, and as One greater than you lives, and will live for ever, the judgement waits,—it is already at the doors,—which will sweep out of existence a people so degenerate. Is this the grand old Norse kindred, that made the world its own by disdaining softness and effeminacy ? Whither is the bold spirit fled ? Come now, you once manly men, you once pure and brave women, is it you that practice vices so ignoble as to find your protection in the very shame which will not suffer them to be laid bare in face of the sun ? Are *you* those English ?

PURE AFFECTION BREATHING HOUSEHOLD LAWS.

Dare, then, my wedded soldier, to have lawful children, and to bring them up. Woman, be the wife, not the tempter, of thy husband. That is no honourable marriage where the husband will not take on him the duties of a father, where the wife refuses to be a mother; it is simply crime by law established. How shall it find excuse? how escape the doom which Nature has pronounced on all that is unnatural?

Young man, here is the banner of Love that thou shalt fight under, streaming on the breeze of a new morning. It bears the valiant device, "For Hearth and Home!" Wilt thou lift thy hand to it and swear that nothing shall make thee a criminal husband, fettered to a guilty wife? That thou wilt fling away and trample under thy feet the false "economics," the polluting "science," the vile "society" superstition, and the sheer unbelief, bred of cowardice and despair, thanks to which upper class, and middle class, and labouring class are tainted with this murderous infection?

For how, in the name of honesty, can we boast ourselves as free, or enlightened, or fit to be touched by a clean hand, so long as that leprosy eats into our bones? People tell me that they cannot receive the Christian creed because it relies on miracles, or appeals to a Divine revelation, or worships Christ as the Son of God. I know better. The reason is elsewhere. Is it not plain that Malthusians *must* be anti-Christian in principle, as they already are in practice? that the more men and women give themselves up to barren pleasures, so much the more will they hate the Gospel-yoke? And now I put it to thee, my friend, as to a man whose blood is warm within him, whose heart throbs to youthful emotions, which wilt thou be? A nerve-racked, hard-eyed voluptuary, a slave and an accomplice in degradation, or a chivalrous husband, a happy father, keen and bold by virtue of his love for home, with its "pure affection breathing household laws"? One or the other must be chosen.

Who made Home?

That home, in which you are to be so happy, young men, do you know what beneficent power made and blest it? I know, if you do not. The great creating principle is writ large in your New Testament. Be ungrateful, if you choose; forget the religion that civilized your ancestors; but the truth you cannot alter. Most willingly do I grant the magnificent force and power of self-control that lay hid in the Teuton stock from which you have sprung. But all the more is it your duty to walk upright where they did not falter in their manhood. Will you be false to them, as well as to their Christian teachers, who have left you this noble inheritance? Honour and shame alike forbid.

But move with me one step forward. I am going to talk of—

Home and Economics.

You are now, I will suppose, my Englishman, husband and father. You feel delight beyond words in your dear wife, your tender babes. The boy's piping treble announces big thoughts in his blossom of a soul; the girl's playful earnestness and pretty questionings go to your heart. Their white innocence, as of new-fallen snow, rebukes all miserable philosophies which end in guiltiness and secret shame. Yet you are not at your ease. Often you think to yourself, "How is my little Harold to fight and not lose *his* Battle of Hastings when I am gone from his side? What will be the fortune of my bright and merry maiden, when her springtide showers roses upon her?" The formerly careless mood is over with you. Love, true love, deems lightly of that selfish counsel given to youth by a modern French unbeliever, Ernest Renan, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, amuse thyself!" You answer him indignantly, "No, Monsieur Renan, not so. Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Not "Amuse thyself," but "Love thy fellow-creature," is the law of life. What is love that

costs the lover no sacrifice? Why, if he gave all the substance of his house for love, he would reckon it as nothing! To this effect does your angry heart reply to Monsieur Renan.

But what will you do for the children? . . .

Oh, the sacrifice to no avail, the waste, the slow agonizing exploitation of millions, as dear to their own as your boy and girl to you! Look well into it, my heroic Friend. Some unspeakable blunder has transformed this Golden Age,—whose courts, like Milton's Heaven, are paved with precious ores,—to an Iron Age and a New Feudalism. O ye Goulds and Rockefellers, ye Vanderbilts and Carnegies, ye Hooleys and Barnatos, and lords of the Rand, who can deny it? Be our politics Liberal or Primrose League, Republican or Democratic, is it not clear that Mammon reigns, Mammon makes our laws, Mammon is almighty? Not Christ, the carpenter's son, do men adore, but the kings of steel and coal, of oil, corn, cotton, and shoddy, of mines and railways and fleets, of telegraphs and newspapers; these hold the power before which every Government, by what title soever founded, falls down in worship.

Apart from all questions of voting, here is an irresponsible oligarchy, which by "trusts," "combines," "corners," and all the other treasons that bear names worthy of them, can do as it likes with a whole slave-population, compelled,—the blind Samson,—to work its machines. "Ah, that happens in Yankeeland!" says the free-born Briton. It happens here, my dim-eyed voter, in spite of your not seeing it, or because political blinkers shut the realities of life away from you, and you will not pull them off and see things with your own eyes. The great monopolies govern England. Breathlessly we inquire how they intend to provide for the mother and the children, the next generation, in short. How? Why in this country there was no Malthusian crime to speak of, until the rise of the millionaire; the same may be said as regards Australia, and even the United States. But no sooner did this

portent show himself, than the barren wife became a luxury in pleasure-seeking households, and to many a working couple she appeared to be a shameful necessity. The marriage-rate fell, and is everywhere going down, under the iron law of modern money-making. The birth-rate, even where marriages abound, tells a like tale of shame and sin. Child-neglect, issuing in child-murder, startles the observant, but has grown so common that it figures among events of the day, with football matches, horse-racing, pigeon-shooting, and the other fashionable pastimes in which bets may be won or lost. One hundred and fifty thousand babies die, "from preventable causes" for the most part, during their first year, in Christian England. "Apart from any considerations of charity, or even humanity," says the *Daily Chronicle* after setting down these numbers, "from the point of view of the patriot, the politician, or the sociologist," that massacre of young lives is "so much wanton waste of the first asset of our greatness as a nation."

But to Neo-Malthusians what is it? A blunder which "science" has made superfluous. There was no need of those babies at all.

So, then, the Golden Age has tightened on men's throats the grasp of a system more deadly than Timur or Genghis Khan,—a permanent plague, which slays its hundred and fifty thousand children annually, while it blasts the virtue of countless homes. Shall we charge all this upon certain "mighty marauders of the money-market"? They will be charged, never doubt it, before a Judge whom all their millions will not bribe. But who gave them the opportunity they have seized upon? Was it not public opinion,—yours, and his, and the other man's,—stupidly conspiring to believe an economic lie, which created and which upholds this murder-system?

The Modern Lie.

What lie? you ask me. And I will answer you straight. The Lie which finds utterance in a famous,—

and infamous—question, "Cannot I do as I like with my own?"

The Lie which makes of property a "trust" in the new American sense; but which denies that it is a "trust" in the old Christian sense, and for the idea of "stewardship" substitutes the fact of "monopoly."

The Lie which declares a bargain, though founded on the instant and dire necessity of another, who is at his fellow's mercy, to be just because it is legal; that is to say, because it contrives to slip somehow through the meshes of the law.

The Lie which assures women and children that they are making a free contract, when the alternative, here and now, is starvation; and which takes no account of home duties, or a mother's rights, or an infant's frailty, until for very shame the legislature steps in, only too often to be eluded by a devilish cunning, which coins its human victims into dollars.

The Lie which professes to pay young girls wages they can live upon, being well aware that they do and must eke out their earnings by selling their honour, if they would not die by sheer famine.

The Lie which defrauds not merely individuals or families, but cities and whole States, by pretending that a private man, or a limited company, can or will give anything like just value in return for enormous and perpetual grants of the public resources. Thus it comes to pass that land in town and country, mines and minerals, markets and rights of transit, water-powers and lighting-powers, and every other form of stored-up capital, have been recklessly squandered, without regard to the nation's needs or claims by the "never-ending insolence of elected persons."

The Lie which, after making over the national wealth to company-promoters, denies to the wage-earner any real stake in the land that gave him birth, and leaves him to bargain as best he may with rack-renting landlords. Whereupon, it sheds crocodile tears at the sight of "overcrowding," and laments that moral offences should be rife in those dens like the

Black Hole of Calcutta which are called tenement-lodgings. "What you need, my brethren," it has been heard to exclaim on the platform, "are not new homes but new hearts."

For this Lie is often exceedingly pious as well as philanthropic. Indeed, it sets itself up as not only the Law but the Gospel. Yet in no book or chapter of the Bible can it be discovered.

What saith the Scripture?

"Well," perhaps you remark, smiling, "it was not likely that an old Hebrew book should be up to date in business matters, or quite equal to the latest intelligence from Wall Street and Change Alley." That, my dear young man, is your mistake. The Bible has a great deal to say on all these things. If you doubt my word, or know not how the verses run, just inquire of your acquaintance among the Socialists. They may call themselves enemies to all the Churches; but they have not done with Prophets and Apostles. Understand me. I summon them now absolutely to give evidence on this point; not as if their views agreed with mine in everything, or mine with theirs. What I entreat you to weigh and consider is the simple fact to which they testify, that the moment a strong spirit becomes aware of the manifold iniquities, unrighteous laws, and legal or illegal acts of oppression, which transform God's beautiful creation to a hell of the damned, where oppressed and oppressor burn in the same flame, he recognizes that the Prophets of Israel were "tribunes of social justice." Such an one is never weary of quoting Amos and Isaiah, St. Paul and St. James, who lifted their inspired voices against the plundering of the poor by the powerful, and against the luxury of the idle rich.

Here is a truth which does not depend on what you, perhaps, execrate under the name of "dogma." Let us not quarrel about words. "Dogma" is the authoritative statement of a fact or a principle, and is a very good thing, provided that it speaks no falsehood. But

I am not appealing to any dogma. Take down a Bible-Concordance. Look out such opposite or kindred terms as "rich" and "poor," "poverty" and "covetousness," "lending, borrowing, usury, stealing," "widows and orphans," and such like; then tell me the sum of your discoveries. Should you be a lover of money, I shall be much surprised if I have not to tone down your wrath; or your rapture and exultation, should your heart beat, as I hope it does, to the godlike chord of righteousness. If justice be to you the law of conduct, you will cry out with Isaiah, when he beholds the ruin of unjust Babylon, "How is the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!" You turn to Revelation, which sets the seal on New Testament prophecy, and St. John with a voice of thunder echoes the strain: "Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great!" Why fallen? Because "the merchants of the earth waxed rich by reason of her luxury," and she trafficked in the "souls and bodies of men to satisfy her wantonness." Therefore God has judged her.

This amazing symphony which is heard down the centuries, as prophet comes after prophet and Israel leads in Christ, to what key is it tuned except the triumph of social justice,—the victory of the poor and needy over all that have done them wrong? While one page of Holy Writ endures, it will be impossible for the extortioner and the unjust, the exploiter and the usurer, the parasite and the idler, to make believe that religion absolves any one of them, or does not cast him into Sheol as an unclean thing. For ever and for ever, as long as the Bible shall be read, these wicked ones are excommunicate from God's people. They are idolaters; nay, in the scathing language of the Holy Ghost, they commit fornication with scarlet Babylon, are doomed to partake of her plagues, and with her to be swallowed down into the pit.

Redemption—or Revolution?

Man, turn not fiercely upon me who do but show thee what harvest thou art destined to reap, if

one of the unjust rich. Hate these prophesyings as much as thou mayest, never wilt thou strike them dumb. Thou never canst raze out the writing on the wall, an everlasting witness against our ungodly civilization. For what says St. James? "Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the labourers who mowed your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out, and the cries of them that reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Hosts. Ye have lived delicately on the earth and taken your pleasure; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter."

Ay, thus it has been, thus it is now. But does the Bible preach revolution? No, *it preaches Christ.*

You, the more heroic and the kinder man to whom I now address myself as to a brother, do you not feel that it is hard for you to stand alone? "Oppression," says Holy Scripture, "maketh the wise man mad." But in madness there is no remedy. We cannot hope for better things by throwing in our lot with Jacobins, Anarchists, Nihilists, who strike at random and give to injustice a colour for its martial law. We need all our wisdom if we are to find a way of escape. Are you, then, a lover of fair play, true in your dealings, no liar in your weights and measures, ashamed to cheat the poor across your counter and to fatten on their spoil? Would you have our leagues of advertisements in newspapers, at railway-stations, and on dead walls, to give up saying the thing which is not? Do you believe that men who trade with one another should be honourable in word and work, not filthy Yahoos, stifling the world in their own foulness? That change, so desirable but so difficult, will never be brought to pass, except by a real Saviour of society. And the only one in whom we can put our trust is Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth.

Christ the King of Men.

Am I asking your attention to a worn-out history? Listen to the celebrated Ernest Renan, if you will not hear the Church. He, who had broken away from all

Churches, what does he say of Jesus? M. Renan exalts Him as absolutely "the founder of a new world." He will not allow that He came only to "reform an obsolete religion." No, to this most modern of critics and least orthodox of writers, Jesus appeared to be nothing else than "the creator of the everlasting Religion of Humanity." Do you question it? Hear this foremost son of French enlightenment again.

The Gospel of Jesus, he affirms, "has been, like the system of the Stoics,"—who were ancient teachers renowned for their austerity of morals,—"but with infinitely greater fulness, a living argument for the divine faculties in man, a high monument of the will's potency." Therefore it is that Renan addresses Christ on the cross, forsaken, reviled, and tortured, in terms of passionate recognition. "Thou," he exclaims, "art destined to become the corner-stone of Humanity in such a degree that to tear thy name from this world would be to shake it to its foundations." And he concludes that most notorious book, his *Life of Jesus*, in words so remarkable that on them I would stake my whole argument with any deep-sighted and candid reader. "Whatever may be the unexpected phenomena of times to come," he declares, "Jesus will not be surpassed. His worship will renew its youth constantly; the story of his life will draw forth fresh tears; his suffering will soften the kindest hearts; all the ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there was none born greater than Jesus."

Are you content to rely upon this estimate? It is not the word of parson or priest; it was uttered in no pulpit. You may be sure that truth, and truth alone, compelled Ernest Renan to see by its mighty magic in the man Christ Jesus the very "corner-stone of Humanity." There is no other name which holds in it healing, light, and life for our distressed millions,—or for you, my friend, and me, that during one brief moment are speaking heart to heart. Oh that I could persuade you to find strength where I have found it, under hardest trials. Shall we draw the conclusion?

Nay, rather, let a second most unlooked-for witness draw it, a modern, a philosopher, once as opposed to Christian principles as any man could be. Let Stuart Mill confirm Renan's evidence, and teach us what at the very least we should think of our Saviour.

At the end of his long career, when he had reflected again and again on these questions, Stuart Mill wrote as follows : "Above all, the most valuable part of the effect on the character which Christianity has produced, by holding up in a Divine Person a standard of excellence and a model for imitation, is available even to the absolute unbeliever and can never be lost to humanity. . . . Whatever else may be taken away from us by rational curiosity, Christ is still left ; a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ as exhibited in the Gospels is not historical. . . . But who among his disciples or their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels. . . . When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission, who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity ; nor, even now, would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life. When to this we add that to the conception of the rational sceptic, it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what he supposed himself to be . . . a man charged with a special, express and unique commission from God to lead men to truth and virtue ; we may well conclude that the influences of religion on the character which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion, are well worth preserving."

Such are almost the dying words of one who, as

he remarked sadly, never lost the faith, for he never had it.

History, then, and philosophy, theory and practice, behold where they join hands, to bear up Christ as the King of Men. The divine pattern of holy living and dying shines out in Him who is called, in the book of St. John's vision, "Faithful and True." Yes, assuredly, now as of old, "in righteousness He doth judge and make war." He is yet "arrayed in a garment sprinkled with blood," for He remains the great Witness who laid down His life in defence of Truth, and whom the armies of Heaven follow. His name is the WORD OF GOD.

I doubt if all the new poets, orators, and leaders of reform or revolution, will put this language out of date, strive they never so valiantly. But let them if they know a better. We are not contending for words. Fix on what style you may, in it I declare unto you Jesus, the Redeemer of men. He opens to our suffering race the Kingdom of Heaven, by revealing to us His Father and our Father, His God and our God. And He will see right done in mercy and judgement upon all His brethren.

THE PEOPLE OF JESUS.

For these are the announcements that He has come to make. All men are brothers; God is their Father. O Malthusian, hast thou laid to heart these glad tidings! Jesus calls the little children to Him, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." He promises happiness to the poor; they shall be blessed, as in fact they were who believed in Him, though slaves, outcasts, prisoners, the refuse of a proud world. He forgives the erring woman that repents, "she hath loved much"; and Magdalene is honoured for her tears in the Church where the sinless Mother of Jesus shall be called blessed by all generations. What compassion, founded on what purity! He scourges those wild desires out of which spring up the poisoned growths of fornication, adultery, divorce, and child-murder. He speaks the word that by its constraining force ends polygamy, "At the beginning it

was not so" ; and He restores the inviolable marriage that death alone can dissolve. He is the Prince of Peace. He conquers by dying. His Cross becomes the throne from which He looks out on a ransomed world, and the new era begins. His followers are the meek, the patient, the pure in heart, the persecuted, whose courage never fails, and whose hope rises like a dawn over the nations that lay in darkness and in the shadow of death. Behold, He has turned it into the morning !

What book will compare with His Book, in which these glorious things are written ? what story with His triumph when the grave could not hold Him, and He came forth, conquering and to conquer ? What teacher among the teachers in East or West has been like Him, divinely human, setting us free from our baser selves, calling us home to the God within us, putting despair to flight by disclosing the Hereafter, and by one supreme act of self-sacrifice resolving the world's contradictions ?

If He abides then, confessedly, the Example to which all ages, churches, and peoples must look up, cannot you, my aspiring friend, who would march at the head of your generation, take Him for your pattern in the twentieth century ?

Will you go with Jesus ?

Put steadily before your mind's eye, and let your heart ponder, the alternatives.

Without an aim it is impossible to live. Your aim, your ideal, as the word runs now, is in fact your religion. What, then, do you set up as the end and object for which to labour ?

Is it self-regarding enjoyment ?

Then you are an *egoist*, eating the fruits that others have grown for you, and, according as you get the chance, feeding daintily on their blood. Try as much as you please, from this judgement you appeal in vain.

But self-indulgence is not an ideal. For it is treason to society, ingratitude towards your fellows, the degradation of your spirit, and may prove the plague

and ruin even of your flesh. The idolatry of self cannot, in any case, be a religion, though it were the finest of fine arts. Every other egoist will brand you as a mendicant, a thief, a parasite, fit only to be rooted out from the system on which you batten.

As for the generous and the serviceable, how can they fail to scorn you? The egoist, even in a plague-stricken society, must be a hypocrite, or he becomes taboo; he must gild the sepulchre in which he hides from men's loathing.

Religion, write it in what characters you will, spells Duty. And nowhere except in Duty shall we ever find the freedom which we are seeking.

For Duty alone chains the powers of destruction which we have seen at work, pulling down the individual and destroying the race. Duty alone sets free the influences that build up life and civilization.

Reckon the chief objects in which you have a concern,—home, property, business, culture,—and reflect whether it is not duty, which takes others and their claims into account even at the cost of self-denial, that as a secret virtue sustains them all.

Fraternity or brotherhood,—the word of the Bible,—unlocks every problem, whether social or seemingly private; to himself alone no mortal can live or die.

Ideals Founded on Jesus.

"Ah," but you cry eagerly, "what need to be a Christian for this? Can I not unfold a catalogue of illustrious names, men and women, who glorify your star of Duty, but have given up your Christ? No," you reiterate, "the good Lord Jesus has had His day."

Names illustrious! Ideals glorified! Touching virtue of agnostic and atheist! My brother, be not deluded. The glow which precedes nightfall is not the dawn. Those fine characters you cite were brought up on Christian teachings and in a Christian atmosphere. They learnt their unselfishness from the Great Example. I defy you to give me a name of all those you have in mind on which no ray has fallen from Calvary. Quote

English, French, or German, it is ever the same. Turn to philanthropic Hebrews, if they had not read the Gospels, they were familiar with its beginnings in Amos and Isaiah. From Saint Simon to George Eliot, from Huxley and Spencer to Tolstoy, the plain truth appears. Whatsoever in them is unselfish, tender, and of promise for mankind may be traced to its Divine fountain in the heart of Jesus.

For Jesus embodies and sums up the highest of human ideas. He is Israel, the world's teacher.

That I am not taking my wishes for realities you may convince yourself with no great pains. "We are living," said M. Renan to his French infidel brethren, "on the shadow of Christianity. On what will our descendants live?" When Professor Huxley was on the London School Board, he, as he tells us emphatically, "pleaded for the use of the Bible as an instrument of popular education." Nay, more, twenty years afterwards he wrote these memorable words: "The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and oppressed; down to modern times no State has had a Constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties, so much more than the privileges, of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State depends, in the long run, on the uprightness of the citizens, so strongly laid down."

To no other can we Turn.

But, now, instead of bringing a cloud of witnesses to this effect, which could be done without calling up one single orthodox Christian, I will ask my reader to note the difference, as of life and death, between those that stand by Jesus and those others who, on any pretext, forsake Him. To this parting of the ways we have come. You, my young soldier, I warn you, cannot fight except under a Captain; but if you choose the banner of King Jesus, victory is sure.

Those others? Not a man of them dare take upon

him to affirm that his life squares with his ideals ; that *he* is your pattern ; that in trouble he will come to your aid ; that he opens to you the everlasting kingdom. No, not one of them all. The very thought is ludicrous ; it would shock the best among latter-day leaders as it shocks you on hearing it expressed. Only the crazy and the vicious give themselves out in this twentieth century as Messiahs to be worshipped. The lights of science and literature may shine as stars, but never of this Divine magnitude.

An Agnostic's Confession.

More, infinitely more modest, they own their impotence as creators in the sphere of religion, while they admit its necessity. A code of conduct is, they say, not enough. Societies of "ethical endeavour" cannot give you strength to live as you ought ; your unselfish love must find a fulcrum outside the world of appearances, if it would act to any purpose. Whom shall I quote now ? Will you hearken to the great "synthetic philosopher," as Darwin styled him, the agnostic chief, Herbert Spencer ? He writes, as a dying man, in the last pages of his *Autobiography*, these words :—

"Many have, I believe, recognized the fact that a *cult* of some sort,"—by which he means a religion,—"with its social embodiment, is a constituent in every society which has made any progress ; and this has led to the conclusion that the control exercised over men's conduct by theological beliefs and priestly agency has been indispensable." You see that he does not mince matters. What is this but "Sacerdotalism" ? However, let us continue. "The masses of evidence classified and arranged in the *Descriptive Sociology*, have forced this belief upon me independently ; if not against my will, still without any desire to entertain it. So conspicuous are the proofs that among unallied races in different parts of the globe progress in civilization has gone along with development of a religious system, absolute in its dogmas, and terrible in its threatened penalties, administered by a powerful priesthood, that

there seems no escape from the inference that the maintenance of social subordination has peremptorily required the aid of some such agency."

Thus it was, Mr. Spencer tells us, that he had come "more and more to look calmly on forms of religious belief to which" he "had, in earlier days, a pronounced aversion." He felt "a deepening conviction that the sphere occupied by them can never become an unfilled sphere." And he concludes, after he has dwelt upon the "paralyzing thought" of Agnosticism, "no wonder that men take refuge in authoritative dogma."

Such is Mr. Spencer's last confession. His world-famed system, studied from Japan to California, he declares to be helpless and imbecile as a guide of life or a beacon to civilization. I pity the great man's failure; but surely what he asks is that I should be warned by the catastrophe.

For let us measure its real extent. Not only does agnostic (and, of course, much more, atheistic) thought fail to do that on our behalf which religion has done in its own sphere, it fails yet more disastrously in the ethics over which it claims jurisdiction. Tell me not of entrancing essays, lay sermons, lovely romance, put forth by this modern school. It is the barren fig-tree, redundant in leaves; it is the afterglow which does but announce by its lingering hues that the sun has gone down. Proofs? I can give you proofs—alas, too many—instantly. I should be a criminal did I add one stroke to the picture these artists in anarchy have drawn themselves. Believe me, I do not exaggerate.

Unbelief the End of Freedom.

All then, without exception, when driven to their entrenchments, deny and destroy Free Will, as something impossible, and contrary to the "laws of science."

In plain terms, they make of you, my brave reader, a machine, an automaton, which has no power of self-direction, no choice in its acts, and, therefore, no real responsibility. Every motion of hand or brain, every thought, every seeming resolve on your part, was

settled for you long ages ago, in the cosmic nebula. What you do is what you must do,—no more and no less.

Are you thief, liar, traitor, assassin? You are not to blame. Or saint, philanthropist, hero? You deserve no praise. The mill grinds, the deed follows. Is not that a fine human Gospel?

But you may read it in Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, Haeckel, and a thousand more. It is the sum of their ethical teaching.

In his celebrated address at Birmingham, John Tyndall affirmed that offences against society ought to be punished, although neither society nor the offenders against it had any power of choice. Mill believed in "Philosophical Necessity," and pronounces it to be "a truth of experience that volitions follow determinate moral antecedents with the same uniformity and the same certainty as physical effects follow their physical causes." Herbert Spencer held this identical doctrine, and declared the notion of free will to be a "current delusion." Haeckel, finally, summing up modern unbelief, says that "cosmology proves there is no personal God; psychology shows that there cannot be an immortal soul; physiology proves the futility of the assumption of free will," and evolution makes it clear that the iron laws which rule the inorganic are valid also in the organic and moral world.

You know all this to be a falsehood. You are certain that between right and wrong you *can* choose, *have* chosen, and *must* choose.

Let me hasten to point out the actual consequences of this dogma fatal to men. Once the human animal thinks itself answerable to no judge, it will throw conscience out of doors, strip itself naked, and take to its vile pleasures. If it can get no more pleasure, if pain is too much, or evil threatens, it will do what the lower brutes cannot manage, and by the easiest way it will seek suicide. Now read your newspaper; travel up and down the statistics of crime; reckon the outrages on the helpless, the frauds in every direction, the self-inflicted deaths. There is the experimental proof

of that which I assert. Free Will denied, Impulse leaps into the saddle, and straightway it rides towards the abyss.

Compare and Choose.

Contrast the old religion with the new materialism. And say which, as a free, high-spirited, affectionate, and resolute young man, the heir of noble ancestors, you will live by!

If you follow the rebels, you take the broad road, from Free Love, which the voice of conscience calls Free Leprosy, by Malthusian degradation, to frivolity, sadness, despair, and death which looks for no awakening. The individual and the nation that walk on this path will perish. There is no hope for them. *Is* there any? If so, where? and what is it?

If you follow King Jesus, all good things are possible to you. I have not told you the half. But follow Him! Then shall you possess a clear mind in a clean body, and a heart overflowing with happiness. Your words will be true, your eyes unclouded, your love holy, your marriage a consecration, your home the beautiful place where wife and children, when they pray the "Our Father," will think of you as His dear resemblance. If there be a movement to make the world better, you belong to it already, for you have done that without which all reforms come to naught; you have reformed *yourself* on the pattern of the best, and bravest, and most heroic Man that ever breathed. Neither need you wait until others begin, or take long to prepare. Begin now, this moment, as you lay down these pages and my voice falls silent. I speak to you as to a brother, a friend, unknown but very dear to me, in the kinship that makes us human. We shall meet on the Great Day. There I will attest that I said these things to you, out of no selfish motive, seeking only your good, convinced that, if you would be free in the face of eternity, you must love and imitate the Son of Man, who is truly the Son of God.

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The Three Schoolfellows.

BY THE REV. GEORGE BAMPFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARTING.

They parted at the gate of the old school, three as firm in friendship but as unlike in character as ever yet stepped forth at the same time from the shelter of school on to the highways of life.

"Dear old Furseley!" said Robert Trotman, as he turned to take a last look at the simple old building which he had come to love as a home.

"Dear old Furseley!" laughed Camelford, "I'm sick of it; you and Dick were the only good things in it, and now you're going I'm jolly glad to be out of it."

"Nonsense, Fred," said the clever-looking lad to whom he spoke, "you've been happy enough: cock of the school, monarch of all you surveyed in the cricket field, and a sort of Olympian God to the little boys. Why, you've been spoiled, man."

"All very well, Dick; of course you like it, with a big library of prizes, five or six every year, and nothing every speech-day but Richard Grossby first in his class, and Richard Grossby Prize Poem, and Richard Grossby Present for Music, and Latin and Greek in you enough for six. But I want to be doing something." And indeed he did look, as he spoke, with his bronzed face and his eyes sparkling with powerful health and his frame built for unresting activity, fit to do anything and dare anything, as indeed he was.

Trotman had stood silent, a quiet lad, no athlete like Camelford, no genius like Grossby, but with a something in him—what was it? a something that was in his face and in

his walk, and in the very way in which he held himself; a something—was it simply the quietness, the restful way which was not active power, but seemed to promise energy when the time came for it—a something which, whatever it was, gave him clear hold upon the other two, as if somehow he had more power than the strong, more mind than the brilliant. He seemed the last of the three friends—he was in fact the leader: but led without knowing it.

"Well! dear old Furseley for me!" he said, "and so will you both be saying one of these days. But my train goes before yours and I must be off. Good bye. You fellows will both write to me, now and again? let us know how you get on."

"There goes a good old fellow if ever there was one," said Camelford.

"Can't make him out," yawned Grossby, "a regular riddle; no coward, yet couldn't fight—no muff in play, but not worth two runs in a cricket match—not exactly a dunce, yet never got a prize nor came within half a mile of one; never caring a bit, if the fellows liked him or not."

"And yet from first to last not one of us who wouldn't have blacked his boots for him. Poor old Bob!"

While Camelford and Grossby are sauntering about till their train is due, let us explain the riddle which was beyond even the cleverest of them. Why had Trotman a presence that would be missed, an influence that would be felt even after he had gone, a spirit that, like all things spiritual, had lasting life in it? Come into Mrs. Trotman's poor littel back parlour behind the small shop, with its look of struggle written on its front as plainly as it was written on the widow's wrinkled brow, and we can make a better guess than Camelford. The power has come from his mother, and the mother's power has come from the long patient using of her sorrow. Never fretting, never complaining, when her husband's losses crushed the reason out of the strong man's brain, she took her changed fortunes meekly, and with the little left began that long struggle in the pitiful little shop to earn something perhaps to make the remnant of her husband's life more easy in his confinement, and something to bring up her boy to the station and to the degree of culture and learning from which

poverty would have cast him down. And the boy, with an unselfish life lived ever before him, had caught the spirit of unselfishness and lived for others and not for self.

So long as his father lingered he had learned from the widow to think for him and work for him, and when the mother only was left, Robert's whole love, as a son, had been flung upon her, and the happy trick of unselfishness became part of his nature. So there was a pretty rivalry--as there is now while she is serving her son on his return with dainties laid in for him only—whose unselfishness should conquer, till it became less selfish to allow the ministry that the other's love might be gratified.

It was this unselfishness that made his schoolfellows place that strange crown upon his head.

"But what a good fellow he was!" said Camelford; "you know when I was in that row with the doctor."

"Oh, yes!" said Grossby, "I remember: we couldn't make it out who had brought him round, till Dabchick—"

"Dabchick!" laughed Camelford, "who is he?"

"Oh, you know the Doctor's nephew who was here for a time; he let it out that Bob had been asking for you and showing the whole thing to the Doctor in the best light he could."

"Well! he was a brick!" said Camelford.

And this was the secret of his power. Neither clever nor strong, he had been friend, real friend, not merely joking companion, to everybody in the School.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MEETING.

"How ill he's looking, Martha," said Grossby to his sister, as they sauntered home together from a visit to the old shop where Mrs. Trotman and her son still struggled on in Nut Lane. An odd name for it—telling of days long ago, when that part of London at least was not yet a forest of stately mansions

and more stately business palaces, with a tangle of cottages and hovels for its underwood. The very name was refreshing with its country sound; but there was little else of refreshment which found its way to the "Little Brown House," as it was called, because many years ago it had been painted of a prudent colour which had since deepened into black.

"Ill!" echoed Martha, "I should think he does. He looks ready for a voyage to the next world if only his mother was ready to go with him."

"Poor old Trottie! what a pity we can't take the two out of that den into a better position. They can never make enough to do more than starve upon there."

"Of course not, Dick—but it's just the mother again—he won't leave her, and she won't leave the old house, and so there they must stop starving, I suppose."

"You may well say starving, Martha. He was never the plumpest of mortals, even on the rich and most wholesome delicacies of Furseley, but now after five years of the breezes of Nut Lane, I do believe he could get out of doors through the key-hole. What are we to do for them, Martha? Do you think we could give them house-room in our own place?"

What made Martha colour and be silent! She had suddenly forgotten all about the Trotmans, and was wholly given up to the quaintness of a brooch in a shop window.

"Do come and look, Richard! Isn't it a love of a brooch?"

"That thing, Martha! but about the Trotmans?"

"Oh, we couldn't afford it, Dick; and then besides—— oh, it would never do."

Richard Grossby had still a true warmth of friendship for his old schoolfellow. He was, for young a fellow, well to do, but success had not spoiled him yet. Perhaps it was beginning to spoil him. The leaves of Spring have a beauty of their own, and there is a brightness about the spring of life when the young heart has warm thoughts for every one and thinks every one has warm thoughts for it; still we must not complain when the leaf unfolds to its fulness, or when manhood learns in what manner of world it is living. It is a spoiling that must come, however loth we may be to let Spring go.

But if the young man did think somewhat strongly that the

world had been created for Richard Grossby, the thought had not killed yet all thought for others. There was somewhat of patronage perhaps about his kind deeds and words; still they were kind: a little lordly, yet the kindness was there. Very kind he had been to Robert. His quick talents soon brought him money to spare, and he spared it. It let him live with his only sister in a house which was a palace compared to the "Old Brown Wigwam," as he called it, in Nut Lane; but still he was faithful to frequent pilgrimages made to see how 'Old Trottie' was managing.

And indeed, except for Grossby, 'Old Trottie' never could have managed. More and more weak grew the mother, and the weaker she grew the fonder her clinging to her son, and the stronger her strange love for the ricketty dwelling which had seen her struggle. She could not bear Robert out of her sight. They had changed places. Time was when she had been the guardian power and he the helpless; when she had worked for him and guided his baby steps, and helped the strengthening of his limbs, and the growing of his powers of mind. Now he can repay and does repay: she is the child, failing in body, scarce able to totter across the room, fast failing in strength of mind, losing the quickness of the senses: he is the guardian power who is working for her—bearing up failing limb and halting mind. His unselfishness has won the battle, and she lies almost in his arms, as he had one day lain in hers.

But it was a hard struggle, and it was here that Grossby and we must say Grossby's sister also, came in so happily to help. There were little delicate things that the poor old bedridden woman could fancy to eat: somehow in that dainty little basket of Martha's was a dainty little cup or plate with exactly the very dainty little thing that Mrs. Trotman had been asking for, and almost to an ounce the very quantity that she could manage. Robert declared it miraculous: how could Martha know, he wondered. Well, love is said to be blind: he may be so, when he likes; yet no sight is so keen as his. We need not go to miracles for Martha's wonderful knowledge.

Sometimes in the "Little Brown House" there came, as ndeed sometimes there come in other houses, hard times,

when Robert did not know how to pay rent or calm the wrath of an unpaid tradesman. "Wonderful, isn't it, Dick?" he would say: "just as I was in downright despair the postman came to the door, and there in an envelope was a five-pound note. I do believe it was you, old fellow."

"Me!" laughed Grossby. "Where should I get five-pound notes, I wonder. Not that I wouldn't give them to you, if I had them. Spend your five pounds, old man, and be thankful, and never mind who sent it. Was it Camelford, I wonder?"

"Poor old Camelford—we have not seen him for an age, not since he went to sea. In the Chinese navy, they tell me."

"Ah! that must be the place where bank notes grow. Good bye, Trottie! Glad you've got the money."

And now w'th the same good will which cooked the little tit-bits and popped the bank notes into the General Post Office, the two were proposing to take the invalid mother and the sickly son into their own place. But for what need Martha have blushed so much and declared it would never do?

The brother was to have his will, spite of the sister's blushes. It was never exactly known how it came about; but, though we like not to lay blame upon our hero, we fear the fault was his. Robert was fond, with a fondness not unusual, of sitting up late at night. Sometimes even in Nut Lane the birds were up, looking for some London dainty—and the muffled streaks of morning light trying to find their way in a London fog—and still was Robert sitting, and sometimes with a wet towel round his aching head, studying; Latin and Greek too, as if a Latin History or an old Greek play would help him to sell his goods during the weary day. They did not help him; they helped him to grow paler and paler and made his young cheeks look hollow, and took the brightness out of the eye and the grace out of the face—but they did not make him the better business man. Of course there was the excuse of watching his mother; but when Robert said this, he did not tell quite all that was in his heart.

"Why! you'll be as learned as a Bishop," Grossby would say jokingly. "What is the use of fashing your soul, man, with Greek plays and the rest now? I never look at them unless it be at old Rods now and again," (that was the un-

mannerly way in which Grossby spoke of the father of History, Herodotus) "for the fun of the stories the old gentleman tells. I do believe you mean to be a Bishop, Bob, eh?"

But Robert only laughed, and said every man to his taste—he was fond of Greek—"if I did think of that sort of thing, Dick, plain priest would be enough for me. None of your mitres, thank you." Was it, we wonder, a priest that Robert wanted to be?

If it was, he did what was in him to get into the next world before his ordination, for on one of his weary wet-towel nights—so people say—nature could stand it no longer and sent him into so deep a sleep that he upset the spirit lamp, and from sleep sunk into the stupor caused by smoke, and he and his mother were within a few minutes of the next world, and the little "Brown House" close to destruction, when a cry of fire rang through Nut Lane, and there was noise of fire-engines thundering through the neighbouring streets, and a young man in a sailor's dress, not altogether English-looking, brown as the "Brown House" itself, dashed in the windows and dashed out of the room where Robert and his mother lay unconscious, and with many a willing hand to aid had borne them into the open air.

"Where to?" asked the driver of the coach into which the sailor had carried them; and Robert, just awakening from his stupor, heard the house named where Grossby lived, and but a few days after the talk between brother and sister, there were the two, whom both longed to help, begging for shelter from the raw cold of the morning.

There was nothing but bustling activity on Martha's part now, and soon the mother, sadly shaken and frightened, was in the most comfortable room in the house, Martha by her side soothing her, while Robert, at last thoroughly awake was listening patiently to the comic scoldings of Grossby. Nor was their sailor deliverer forgotten; the three got talking for a long time, as if there had been no fire and nothing unusual had befallen.

At last the sailor rose to go, and it was not till then, when the morning light was stronger, that a little unconscious wincing on his part showed that the rescue had not been

without a nasty wound to himself from a rafter of the falling roof. "Oh, only a scratch," he laughed, "all right in a day or two." As they went with him to the door he paused a moment on the step, and at last turned suddenly, stretched out his hand, and said, "Well, good-bye, dear old Bob; so glad to have helped you; pray for me," and with a hearty laugh was gone.

"Dear old Bob!" repeated Trotman; "who's this?"

"Camelford," shouted Grossby, "by all that's odd," and down the steps he dashed to stop the seeming stranger: but he was out of sight. There in that strange way the three met for the first time after their parting at the gates of Furseley.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOCATION TRIED.

Few sick people find it good to be turned out of house and home: it was certainly not good for Mrs. Trotman. "Poor old lady!" said Richard, "she has been burned out of the 'Wigwam,' and no great harm either: but she'll soon be giving up tenancy of her body, which is almost as broken-down an old hut as the Wigwam itself, the rafters, such as they are, coming through the walls."

"Fie, for shame, Dick! what a way to talk!" laughed Martha: but though the words sounded heartless, anything but heartless was Richard Grossby in fact. It was no slight tie on the two young folk to have an old lady dying in their house: a burden too upon their purse which was only fairly filled by constant work. Yet never a word of grumble from Richard. "Dear old Trottie! anything for him!" was the nearest likeness of a growl that ever came from him. A playful loving tryanny would he exercise over Robert. "You're not going to burn us down, Bob: this isn't the little brown house, but a big white house—the Palazzo Grossbese—and here you must behave yourself and go to bed betimes. I am glad the fire was thoughtful enough to burn your stupid old

classics. No! you get none of your rubbishing old poets out of me; and look here old man! you must eat more; it isn't decent, out Kensington way, to be keeping skeletons in one's house. I shall have the sanitary inspector down upon me; so eat up all that, and have some more, like a good old Bob!"

Their tyranny went—for Martha, womanlike, was a sterner tyrant than her brother—to cutting off some of Robert's nursing. "No, Trotman, I wouldn't interfere with this, if it wasn't good for us all round, mother and all. But you see women know how to nurse, and men don't." "I know how to nurse mother," protested Robert. "Ah! that's just your conceit. You're the best male nurse I ever saw; but Martha beats you hollow, and if we must have a male creature in a sick room, he'd much better be awake than asleep. He might be setting fire to the bed curtains with a spirit lamp, you know"—a knock-down blow which ended the dispute.

And indeed Martha, though not a trained nurse, did take naturally to nursing—so well indeed that, not content with her own share, she could not keep out of the room in the time given to the son; and, teaching him what she had never learned, she must be showing him how to give new comfort to pillow and bed, and make the light fall pleasantly, and vary the delicate morsel. It did indeed seem to a neighbour or two who looked in, that Martha Grossby was nursing two patients rather than one, and that her fellow nurse, the son, was of more interest to her than the mother.

More than the neighbours saw it: the poor feeble eyes, that were dim to see the every-day things of the world they were leaving were sharp enough to see this. And it gave her a new content in going away, to know that she could leave her son in such loving hands. "Good girl! dear little daughter!" she smiled, patting Martha's hand, "you will take care of him as I did once." And Martha blushed and said that she would do her best.

Even Robert began to see what every one else had seen, or at least to fear it might be so. Fear: for Richard had hit the mark, though he had not really meant what his fun had struck out of him, when he accused Robert of studying to be a priest. Long, long days ago, when he was a little lad at Furseley, the

thought had come: it had never gone, nor wavered. He had said nothing to his mother in later days, knowing there was none but himself to help and support her, and fearing that, in her unselfish way, she might be pained because he stopped to work for her. So she had forgotten his childish words about it. And now she had fixed her heart upon that which must take away his priesthood, the hope that her loving little nurse would have a wife's right to take care of her son while he lived.

A few weeks have passed, and the end draws nigh: it has come like so many ends, somewhat as a surprise after all. The two stand side by side, and the mother had not yet made safe the happiness, as she thinks, of her son. All things else have been done that a Christian should do, but this has not been done. Trembling as her action is, yet neither can mistake what she would do: dim as her eyes are, yet both knew their speechless prayer: she would place her daughter's hand in the hand of the faithful son, she would see them pledge themselves to each other before she die.

Weak and worn-out and weary. nervous with all that has befallen him these many days past, shall he fling away the long desire of his heart and put his priesthood by? The sister of his old friend; sister and brother both kindest of friends and helpers; brother, dearest of friends from early days; sister, whom he loved for her brother's sake, for his mother's sake—aye, and because she had won little by little upon his heart, scarcely knowing, now for her own sake—shall he in her own house, while she is ministering to his mother, reject her love?

And his mother;—she who had refused no prayer of his, whose lightest wish had been a law to him, shall he pain her by his first refusal at her last sigh?

He stands silent: it seemed a length of time—though but a few moments passed—while he held silent debate with himself within: a deep silence in which he heard the beating of his heart; at last, with outstretched arms, he bends his head over the dying woman's pillow, and with face as pale as hers, prints a kiss upon her forehead. A strange wondering look of pain has come into the poor mother's eyes, and she is gone, and Robert stands alone. All things lost, as it would seem,

but his priesthood saved: or rather the hope of a distant priesthood that may never be.

CHAPTER IV.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

"A LADY wants to see you, Father."

"Who is it, Ambrose?"

"Don't know, Father; never saw her before; indeed I have not seen her now, she wears such a thick veil. She wouldn't give her name. 'I think he'll know me,' she said."

"Not a mystery I hope, Ambrose; I do hate mysteries."

Father Robert, as he was called by now, for he had been some years a priest, all over London, had not won the priesthood which had cost him so much, to let the grass grow under his feet. Indeed if his feet had been less active no grass could have grown in Lob Court. As wretched a place as could be found anywhere, many times worse than Nut Lane, which was as country fields and royal parks in comparison. It was Robert's own choice. "It's the lost sheep we have to be after," he would say to his college friends, even before he went out to work, "and the shepherd has to go after the lost sheep—and it isn't into pleasant places that the lost sheep wander." "All very fine, Robert," they would laugh, "we shall have you in the West End—the grand popular preacher whom the ladies crowd to hear." But for all their fun they knew Robert meant it: and none of them wondered when they heard that Father Trotman had got leave to live in the midst of as dirty a slum as he could find. True: he was to work under the eye of an old priest, who had spent his life among the poor, and would guide the zeal of the hot heart, and rein in his eagerness if there were need. But need there was little: Robert was sensible enough to add to his young zeal the experience of another's years.

It was lonely at first for him in that fullest part of the great full city; as much a hermit, he could call himself, as St.

Anthony in the desert, or St. Simeon on his pillar; but as then men gathered round the column, so they were beginning to gather round the 'priest of the slums.' It is hard to be alone on this earth—harder now perhaps than ever.

So it came to pass that his hands grew very full of work, and as they filled the helpers came. "What sort of an evening did you have last night?" he asks now of Ambrose, who is clearing the breakfast away. "Oh, splendid, Father; Mr. Cartwright is always full of his fun, and keeps the lads—and the rest, too—alive one way or another the whole time. He was telling them last night about his adventures in Japan, and how he got wrecked."

"All true, Ambrose?"

"Oh, he lets them know if he is ever making anything up for fun. But he manages to make the serious part quite as interesting as the other; and they listen with ears and mouths open."

"Any new boys?"

"Yes; St. Hugh's Brigade, as we call it, brought us in two little lads for the Home—brothers—whom they have picked up. They slept in the Refuge, and I've given them breakfast, poor lads; you'll see them by and bye?"

"Yes: but I mustn't keep this good lady waiting any longer." And down went Father Robert to the mysterious visitor.

The reader will have seen by the little chat with Ambrose that Father Trotman had been active in all the work he could think of. Sleep for the unsheltered and home for the homeless, and food for the hungry, and teaching for the ignorant, and sinless work, or play if need be, for sinful hands, and all the other works which Catholic love alone can do perfectly. Money had come in and was still coming, not indeed as much as was wanted, for the needs of our great cities are as an ocean, but the hearts of the wealthy were stirred and their purses were opened, and the money came. Nor money only; better than money was the willing work done by hearts whose almsgiving in work was at least as true as the almsgiving in money. For the priest in the slums the lawyer drew his deeds unpaid; and the barrister pleaded without fee or

refresher ; and the doctor looked in as carefully to see the young folk, and the Refuge, and Father Trotman himself with his fellow labourers, as he waited upon the maiden lady who could not continue to make the world happy by her presence without the daily feeling of the pulse, and the daily changes of the coloured water which served her as medicine, and the daily paying of a fee. The Catholic salesman—aye ! and many a non-Catholic neighbour too—put the good Father in the way of getting things cheaply ; and for carrying on his boys' club and his lectures and his entertainments, and aiding in his Sunday services, there were a thousand and one willing helpers ; and there were as pleasant evenings to be passed in the Club Room near Lob Court—with lecture and magic lantern, and tale, and violins, and singers, and what not—as anywhere the great city through.

Well, well ! are we painting more than is being done to-day by Catholic love in our great cities ? The quiet love of priest and nun—winning souls from falsehood and sin, snatching the child from ruin, making homes true homes by the joining of man and wife ? Perhaps just a trifle more : the den was so very bad in which the priest had buried himself, and the dwellers in the den, to whom at first he was a wonder, and a wonder to be suspected a little, had drawn nearer and nearer, and learned to trust more and more, and come to love as well as trust, until he led and ruled them—to use Robert's favourite College image—as a shepherd rules his sheep. And into his dingy room, which did service as yet for a church, the poor came ; the poorest ; the rags of Lob Court ; the blind and the halt and the lame ; as they came not elsewhere ; and if the singing was not of the best, and if the nuns and the other willing helpers in the music did find it a little hard to keep the voices together, I do not know but that the angels bore to Heaven as pleasing a service from Lob Court, as from the loveliest cathedral in the world. A strange wedding feast with its maimed and ragged guests ; but then they had the wedding garment on, and its beauty made the rags forgotten.

But I am a bad story teller ; here we have been keeping the poor veiled lady waiting all this time.

" You do not know me, I see, Father."

"I see so many," said Robert, "I easily forget, and——"

"I am thickly veiled, you will say. I doubt if you will remember me now," as she threw back her veil; "ten years make such a difference. You are not altered though. I fear you eat no more, and sleep as little, as when poor brother and I used to call upon you in Nut Lane."

"Miss Grossby!" said Robert, stretching out both his hands, "I am indeed glad to see you once more."

Yes it was so: ten years had passed and the friendship of old had all this time been severed. The mother was no sooner laid in the grave, than Robert felt he must at once seek another home. He accused himself, that through his fault Martha must have come to look upon their marriage as almost a settled thing, though through his own brain the thought had never passed. He ought to have been more alive to what had lived so long and so strongly in the heart of another. More even than Martha, the brother had felt pained, and the old friend was accused of trifling with his sister's love; and though it was natural enough for Robert to go and at once petition to be sent to College, yet as he left the steps of Grossby's house there was no warm pressing—such as before there would have been—to see him again; and the poor youth knew that he had lost friends as well as mother, and was in fact turned out of his new and only home.

Now it was as if he had won back a friend when he stretched out both his hands.

"But you spoke of your poor brother. You have not, I trust, bad news to give me; he is not——" and he paused as he feared to utter the sorrowful word, and as his eye caught the poverty of her dress, and the signs of struggling life which, had indeed changed her so that he might well forget.

"No," she sobbed, "not dead—worse. Father, I have been unkind to you and am punished."

"What is it, my child?" said Robert, forgetting the friend in the Priest; "Tell me; I loved your brother, and love him now dearly."

"Yes, Father; I know you do: and if any one can help him it is you."

"Where is he? Let me go to him. Dear old Richard!"

"I do not know, Father; I have not seen him for many, many months. Only I know he is somewhere about, in the lowest parts, they tell me and living I know not how; picking up a living—if it is to be called such—by his talents; writing for some of the lowest papers, and the like."

"But how did all this come? Such a fine, clever, good fellow!"

"Still clever; still, I think, with a heart; not wholly ruined yet; little by little he fell away. He missed you very much. You were more than you knew to him. And his cleverness led him among strange company sometimes; and—— the old story, Father."

"Drink?"

"Oh! yes; and slipping away from his Mass and his Priest and everything good. And then—debt, and he was obliged to hide; and now——"

"And you all this time?"

"Have been getting my living by the needle and laundry work and how I could; but oh! never mind me. Find my poor brother, Father, for me; and God reward you!"

"I will try, my child, all I can; I will try; for your sake and his, my dearest friends and benefactors, who helped my poor mother in her need."

CHAPTER V.

BROTHER AMBROSE TELLS A STORY OF THE PAST.

"Why! who was that, Ambrose? You have never told me."

"No, Father, you don't like me to be talking of my past: but perhaps I ought to tell you, for if ever I come across him I shall certainly ask leave to bring him here. One of the best men I have ever known."

"Tell me, Ambrose."

They had been talking of the search for Richard Grossby. Months had gone on, and still no result. Ambrose had searched like any St. Bernard's hound for his buried pilgrim, and had put his own earnestness into many of Father Trotman's

other helpers, The enquiry was difficult; for the sake both of brother and sister—and indeed not to frighten Richard away—it must not be too public: it would not do to placard photograph and description on the walls. Yet it was active and unceasing; and still without success. Once indeed they had seemed to be on the track. Some dashing clever writing in a local newspaper signed 'Dick' struck Father Robert as the very style of his old friend. With much pains he traced the writer, until in a back room in one of the dirtiest houses in a blind alley off a back street, he found a stunted old man, not looking like a dashing writer, and wholly unlike the Richard Grossby of Furseley days. From time to time hope would be kept alive by some friendly policeman, and watch would be made for many a night at some shelter which he had been seen to enter: but either the man pointed out was not the real Richard, or the time at which he had been seen was the only time of entering: found he was not. Even Robert began to lose faith; and Martha, when she came seeking news, looked each time thinner and weaker, the eyes more sunken and the cheeks more care-drawn.

It was of all this that they had been talking, and of the uselessness of the search. "Not useless," Ambrose had said, and had told Father Robert of other good done, though the lost one had not been traced—of Catholics found at Salvation Army meetings in the refuge, of children brought in from the street, of the neglectful led to confession. "One night, Father, I fancied I had made a great find; a dear old friend, whom I can never repay for all he did for me, but whom I have not seen for years. I caught sight of him as I thought; just his height and look and bearing; and I gave chase as well as I could, but he was much too active for me. I'd give anything to find him." And at Robert's invitation Ambrose told his tale of the days of long ago.

"Long ago, Father—not so very long ago after all; for I'm not the oldest of human beings now; but I suppose some twelve years back, it might be, or more. It was one of my trips home from Melbourne." "A sailor! you?" laughed Father Robert. "No, Father, not a sailor, a regular land lubber, and though I've been through the Suez Canal more

than once, I don't know the bow of a ship from its stern, or its keel from its bulwarks."

"Don't talk nonsense, Ambrose; go on."

"Well, Father; it was the first time I had taken such a voyage, and I knew still less of the sea's ways then than I do now. I was just pitchforked on board, so to speak, with nobody to look after me. My parents, if I ever had any," he said with some bitterness, "I suppose were dead. I don't know if I felt more lonesome among the ship passengers, than I used to do upon land in the care of those who did not care for me; at all events I easily took to my companions, and one or two of them took to me. One lad in particular—poor dear fellow—Heaven rest his soul!—a bright curly-headed open-faced little chap about my own age, took a mighty fancy to me and we were great chums. It was a wonder, too, for I was a wild sort of scamp and Protestant so far as I was anything, and he was as good as gold, and as steady at saying his prayers, though the rough ones jeered a bit, as if he was at college. A Catholic, too, as I found out when I kept asking him about the bit of brown cloth he had over his shoulders, and the odd medals he wore about him. He never said much, and the less he said the more I wanted to know. Poor Charlie! he taught me a deal, young as he was."

"Was there any other Catholic on board?"

"It wasn't a big steamer, you know, Father, my first voyage; not one of those grand P. & O. palaces, half a town set floating, such as I went in afterwards. But there was one among the officers, quite a stripling he was, not in the service very long, and only half-fledged; but he did officer's duty anyhow, kept his turn at the night-watch, and the rest; and he, Charlie told me, was a Catholic, too. He was very kind to me, but there was a sort of stand-off way about him; you couldn't be friends; some called it pride, and some shyness, and others said he was unhappy about something or other, and some that he knew too much, 'a good sailor spoiled by Latin and Greek.' Whatever it was, men and officers and everyone else were half afraid of him, and between him and his neighbours there was what sailors call, I believe, a cork fender, to keep things from coming too near. I don't know

what it was, but it made as brave and good a fellow as ever walked a deck unpopular with all his mates. Yet in the sailors' games and sprees, so long as there was only fun, he was the leader, and they all fell behind him as a matter of course. Swim! you should have seen him, when the sailors went over the ship's side together, as they did sometimes, the tricks he was up to, diving over and under them, and doing feats in a choppy sea, which the best professional of them all could not do in the pond of an aquarium. We went on shore when we got loitering in the canal and played cricket after a fashion on the banks—he beat the other side off his own bat in one innings."

"That will do, Ambrose; the most perfect man since Adam; we will suppose the rest."

"What a shame, Father! But he was really a splendid fellow."

"And a Catholic?"

"A Catholic, and a good one; perhaps it was that which helped to make him so stand-off! But you're looking at the clock, Father. Well! what makes me stick to him so, and long to see him again, was this. We were right in mid-course from India to Aden, and the sea was calm enough for Charlie and myself to be playing parlour cricket on deck, spite of the heat and the gruntings of a passenger or two, who were braving sunstroke with us, when, with no notice or none that we paid heed to in our game, a large wave—the swell perhaps caused by a distant storm—fell upon the deck. It dashed down upon us with a power that tossed us about like seaweed: it swept the deck clear of everything that was not firmly lashed, and amidst the rest of the rubbish, it swept me, and the poor lad who was far indeed from being rubbish, my little friend and teacher, Charlie Munro. I never saw him again."

"A great loss to you, Ambrose," put in Father Robert, that he might have time to recover himself, "but he was a Catholic. I think you have asked me to say a Mass for him sometimes. But how were you saved yourself? Lucky for you, my son: you were not a Catholic then."

"No, Father, and perhaps that was why I was saved: the young officer——"

"The young officer! don't you know his name?"

"No, Father, that's the odd part of it. Much as I loved him I never dared ask him, for to the last he was still stand-off even to me, and he never told me, or said a word about his family. The sailors had a nickname or names for him: the commonest was 'Bombay Duck,' because of some marvels of swimming done at Bombay. I don't know his name, but I should know him streets away in a London fog I do believe."

"Gently, my son! all this time you are in the sea: how did you get out of it?"

"The young officer had been called to the bridge where the Captain stood, and was on it when the big wave burst. He saw what had happened and quicker than quickest words he was over the ship's side. Whether he chose me instead of Charlie, because he knew me so unfit to die, or whether he tried for both—they told me he did—I do not quite know; but it was hard work to save one: the ship when she was struck was running at high speed; the sea was quiet, as I said, and the monsoon in our favour, and though sailor-like all was done that could be done without a moment's delay—the ship eased, buoys cast out from the bridge and a quarter-boat lowered—we were, as they told me, some half hour or more in the water before the boat reached us, my deliverer almost spent and myself seemingly dead."

"Not much like a corpse now, Ambrose," said Robert, smiling at the lay brother who had grown fat in the slums.

"No, Father, I'm a hard one to kill. Well! that taste of salt-water was the saving of me everyway. My stand-off friend, who had risked his life for me, pitied me because the only lad I ever loved was swept so suddenly away, and did not stand quite so far off as of old. He saw too that my escape had made me a little older than my years, and that the example of my Charlie, good little Catholic that he had been, was stronger upon me now that he was gone than it had been in his life. So he took up Charlie's lessons, and taught me more and more, and led me on quietly, and when we reached England, took me to a Priest, and paid for me at a Catholic school."

"Where is he? Did you never see him?

"Never, Father; I heard from him for a little while when at school, but always with a foreign postmark—no address to which I could reply, and no name; for years now I have not heard."

"I wonder," mused Robert, "could it be he. Had he a light complexion?"

"Very, very dark, almost half-caste in the look of his face; and a perfect thatch of black hair."

"A splendid swimmer, and first-rate cricketer! It might be he. But what made you think of finding him in London?"

"He used to write that he was going to and from England."

"In what service? A brave fellow such as he should have get on and would be easily traced."

"He did not get on; the gallant deed had no reward. As I said, he was unpopular, and that and other things were brought up against him in the Captain's report. It was a gallant deed to save me, but a wrong act in an officer receiving charge from the Captain to leap overbord:—the ship was perilled, so they put it, for the sake of one. Disheartened and low-spirited, the rumour went that he had found service in China or on some foreign station. Still I cannot help hoping to find him some day in England."

"The whole tale is strongly like him," thought Robert when Ambrose had gone. "Can it really be my old Furseley friend?"

CHAPTER VI.

FOUND, BUT HOW?

THERE was no want of life about the search for Richard. The searchers did indeed shrink from any attempt which might bring shame upon the wanderer, or hurt feelings which used to be easy to wound whatever they might be now. Poor Richard! Time was that he fancied the world made for Richard Grossby:—does he think so, we wonder, still?

As month after month passed, and still the search was vain, his sister's anxiety grew to painful fear, and her fancy painted

pictures more sad than need have been. Was he dead? bruised to death in a drunken brawl? her comely clever brother, to whom she had looked up with such admiring love? Was he among the street tramps lying on the bridges? Almost, as the tears set flowing by her dreams woke her in the night, she would have gone out to look amongst them herself. Had he left England under some false name, and was a wanderer now in the wide world, in some strange city of half-civilized men, with whom he was not born to hold his own? Sometimes in the night dreams, which carried on the fancies of the day, she would find herself on the banks of the Thames in which they had found the wanderer at last, and placed him in his sister's arms, with the light gone out of his eyes, and the soul gone out from the stiff body as from an empty tomb.

Her good sense and her faith wrestled with it all, and Robert helped her as he might, or the pain must have wrenched out her reason for her life.

But not even when the heart aches most can work stop, least of all a priest's work, and the search for Richard was only one—though that touched him more nearly than all—of Robert's necessary efforts. His home, and his refuge, and all the rest must be supported, and the support of any one of them was work enough.

"Oh, Father! do come and look at this poor wild fellow! You're always doing something for somebody; I wish you could do something for him. I think he's a Catholic by his talk."

It was in her little parlour behind the bar, where she had taken Father Robert to slip a sovereign into his hand for the boys, "the young rascals," that good Mrs. Firmdale the buxom landlady of the "The Golden Rest," was speaking, as she looked through the little window out upon the bar. A rosy-cheeked, well-conditioned, comfortable woman she was, who looked as if, like Dives, she had fared sumptuously every day. But her looks belied her if they spoke of easy life and rich living. In fact a better Catholic, more self-denying, more thoughtful for everybody, self only excepted, more careful in her fasts, her Mass, and every other duty, more vigorous and energetic in the daily duty of brush and broom and cooking and keeping

accounts and all other cares of a good housewife, was not to be found in all London. Her children, and not her children only but everyone who needed an act of kindness or a timely gift, might well "rise up and bless her;" her children especially, brought up, spite of the difficulties of her calling, not only at good Catholic schools, but by the more powerful education of her own good example, were among the consolations of the priest in their zealous eagerness to aid, as he guided them, in all his work. "You see, Father, it's a nasty business, and I often wish I was out of it; but there! it's no use wishing, here I am and must be; but the worse the business is, the more care I know must be taken of the children, and it won't do to put fine fancy-work on their bodies and leave their souls in rags."

Let no one be offended our drawing this picture of the keeper of a tavern, for we can call "The Golden Rest" but little better. Our portrait is from the life, and it is not one only who has sat for it. Our lot has been to meet with many such: a graceless trade, if you please, call it what names you will; a trade abused at all events to the doing of many a sin: but in it we have known Catholics, good, generous, noble-hearted, and as great enemies—and oftentimes preventers—of drunkenness as could be found anywhere.

"But why not leave the trade, Mrs. Firmdale?"

"The Master won't have it, Father. You see it is not really for ourselves we are carrying it on; the house is really taken by Mr Firmdale's brother, but his wife was no manager, and he himself too soft with her, and so he lost all his savings, and but for Mr. Firmdale stepping in he must have been bankrupt. It's doing well enough now."

No wonder with such a cheery, bustling, woman; the things must have been bad that wouldn't have done well with her.

"I'll ask him in, Father; sometimes when the children are out of the way, I have a talk with him; a clever sort of fellow and must have had good teaching somewhere."

Robert peeped through the window that looked into the room where the drinkers and loiterers gathered in front of the bar. It was already dark and the gas lit, and from all the workships around the tea-whistle had sounded for the hands

to stop work; for the day some of them, and some for rest and tea if they chose to take it. "The Golden Rest" was in any but a heavenly quarter. Its name spoke of the future rather than the present. A grimy house at the side of a canal bridge, and all round factories and workshops from which poured crowds of grimy toilers of both sexes and many ages. Such as these were standing now before the bar, mixed with workers from the canal or railway, or others who, with nothing to do, seem always to have money to spend in drink. The bar was very busy; and now that the rush has come it will be some time before Mrs. Firmdale can join Robert again. But the good priest is too interested at his look-out window to feel the inconvenience of waiting.

There was a loud burst of laughter. The speaker who had caused it was hidden from Robert by the cluster of listeners who had gathered round him and were repeating his jest over to each other or to themselves. "Bravo, Tom, now for a song." "Well, which is it to be?" But without waiting for an answer he began to thrum a banjo which he held, and to troll out a Negro melody with a loud chorus, in which many joined. Another and another followed with a joke or two between, and Robert was turning away from a scene which did not please him when suddenly the singer seemed to rouse himself as if to better things, and leaving his banjo untouched said "here is one I haven't sung for many years," and gave out, in a voice which now that he exerted it was of no common order, a song of higher words and better music which drew Robert back to his post and woke old memories of past days. It was a Furseley song, one that the Furseley singers had sung together many a holiday evening. It was no boy's voice that sang it now; a rich sweet tenor, too good, too cultured, for a tavern bar, too good for the audience, which listened for all that with more open-mouthed attention than to the other mockeries of song. No voice that Robert had heard before;—and yet the thought came that the search was over at last, and that here was his friend, his clever schoolfellow, so far beyond him in ability, who had outstripped him in every mental race,

He is all eagerness for the crowd to break. At last a whistle

sounded here and there, where the workshops kept on, and by degrees the customers passed out, slipping each a little gift into the singer's hand.

It was a sight to pain, that which Robert did at last see; a street negro-minstrel, in all the outrageous dress, features hidden by the black disguise, hair tortured to look woolly, lips forced to seem thrust out—could this be Richard! Yet even thus to have found, if indeed it be he, will be better than not to have found at all. After all it was only the Furseley song that made him think it was Richard; many could learn and sing that.

"I've brought Tom into you, Father," said Mrs. Firmdale; "he'll like a cup of tea I know, and a bit of my bread and butter, and then by and bye he'll sing us a song at my piano, for he plays as well as he sings, Father—you should hear him!"

Robert stretched out his hand. "Yes! I should like to hear that dear old song again which you sang last; I used to join in it myself years and years ago when I was a boy."

But the singer would not take Robert's hand. "He's a priest," he faltered out to the landlady.

"Yes, and a good priest he is—bless him," was the answer, "if you have anything to say, Tom, say it to him.

The poor fellow went down on his knees for Robert's blessing, and scarcely sober even now burst into tears. In silence, and with a sob now and again he sat down half turned away from the Priest, and drank his cup of tea, and then with a word or two to Mrs. Firmdale he left the room. "He'll be back before long," she said; and soon he did return, with the disguise cleaned away from face and hands and the signs of his low calling gone.

"Thank God!" said Robert; "my dear, dear Richard; it is you. Why haven't you been home? Why haven't you found me out?"

The outstretched hand was not refused now. No—Richard Grossby had found out that the world was not made for him; humbled and broken-hearted he was ready to kiss the feet of the schoolfellow to whom before he had acted the lordly benefactor: and better than kissing his feet, to follow his advice and be obedient to all that he should say.

And it was with joy which Angels know, that the good shepherd bore—almost upon his shoulders—to the house which had been so long looking for him, his lost sheep, his lost friend and brother.

We will not try to paint the meeting of brother and sister. It is a picture for higher and more skilful painters: a picture for which the colours have not been found yet upon this earth, and which cannot be painted truly.

But there, under Robert's tender respectful unreproachful care we will leave him. His friend is alive again, not ruined hopelessly after all, with strength of will left to break off the sin, with powers of mind untouched, with the old refinement and taste made more refined by the new humility.

CHAPTER VII.

A NOBLE WRECK.

"So you've both forgotten me! Nice memories the pair of you must have."

It was Father Robert's third visit to a patient at a Riverside Hospital. Martha had called him a day or two before, for Martha was now a trained nurse, and though not on the staff of the hospital, had leave to visit on Father Robert's behalf, and do many acts of kindness for the Catholic patients, for which other labours gave the Priest no time. In hospital and slum she had grown to be one of Father Roberts most useful helpers: and the world called her Sister Martha, though she lived only by such small rules as the Priest gave her.

"He looks very, very ill, Father," she said, "and is crying out for a Priest. The doctor seems to doubt if he will get over if."

"What is it, child?"

"Exhaustion, Father, and strain upon his mind as well as body. A fearful thing—they were there in an open boat or something for days and days, salt meat for food and salt water for drink the most of the time. Their ship, or cotton cargo, had

caught fire: they kept it smouldering for days but could not get it under:—they were too short handed to work longer and utterly tired out had to take the boats, it is said, not knowing where they were. Some died, five were found and taken on board a steamer now in the river."

"Are they all there?"

"Four nearly recovered are on board the steamer, but this one seems to have suffered most; a strong fine man too? and the doctor fears he may sink.

Robert, with Ambrose for companion, had gone to see him more than once: that morning he had given him Communion, and the sick man, who seemed to take great pleasure in the visits and to grow stronger and happier—so Martha said—after each time, had begged that both he and Ambrose would come and have a little friendly chat in the afternoon "just to cheer up a poor sick fellow."

It was at this visit that, after a little talk which showed him clearly stronger, he had stretched out a hand to each as they sat on opposite sides of his bed, with a smile of amused wonder —"So you've both of you forgotten me! "No great wonder, Father Trotman after all, with this long gash down my face from a Chinese creese, as they call their wretched dagger things, which not even my whiskers can quite cover, and two or three bullet holes and other marks of foreign favour about me, that you don't know the lad with no more than peeping down upon his cheeks, who used to call you Bob in the old Furseley days."

"Never!" said Trotman, "you're not dear old Camelford!"

"Not much like him," laughed the sick man, "but not so unlike the fellow who had you in his arms—I'm glad to see you look a little heavier now—that night there was so much fuss about the little brown house in Nut Lane."

"Then it was you, you good fellow! But why didn't you tell me that night instead of rushing away like a mad thing?"

"Ah, that's tellings, Bob, beg pardon, Father——"

"No, Fred," said Robert, "if anyone has a right to call me Bob, it's you."

"Well, you were Bob then at all events. Yes it was I, and a happy night it was to me. But now, Brother Ambrose, can't you remember me? No? Well! Father, which is the more

wonderful, that you should have forgotten or he? I haven't forgotten him. True! he was only a boy—I wasn't much more—but he oughtn't to have forgotten that long swim we had together off the deck of the 'Albatross.' Ah!" he said more tenderly, as he saw Ambrose dumb with feeling and in danger of tears. "You are paying me off for that little piece of fun, give me back my life as I helped to give you yours: but for you two I should be a dead man now."

"Well Fred he has been doing nothing but look for you ever since. He vowed that he would know you if he saw the tail of your coat a mile off in a November fog."

"Truly if he had such miraculous sight, he would see anything," laughed Camelford.

"But why have you hidden yourself so long?" stammered poor Ambrose. "Why should we have had to search for you?"

"That's tellings again;" cried the invalid, "but you have both of you a right to know. The tale isn't to my credit; and I must have seemed a mysterious fellow to you both. Well! there's not much to say after all. Ambrose, you've told the Father all about your inviting me to a dive off deck?"

"I have, sir," said Ambrose who had recovered his spirits, making the gesture of respect given to an officer on board ship.

"Well, you know, it is the duty of a captain after a voyage to give a report to the Board of the conduct of his men. Mostly it is quite secret and they do not let us know what is said. But Captain Sebert told us the book was open in his cabin and any of us who liked might go in and read. Well, the captain and I were never bosom friends, were we Ambrose?"

"Not quite, sir," laughed Ambrose.

"And the report he had given of me was bad enough for a mutineer. He made a great fuss about my swim after you—deserting him on the bridge in a moment of great peril, as he put it. I dare say he was right, but I can't help thinking I should do it again. Well! Robert, you know I hadn't the temper of an angel at school, and the last year or two I'd been used to have my own way a good bit with all of you. I was captain at school. So up I must go into a towering passion to Captain Sebert, and when he said some nasty jeering things to

me 'he wanted officers in his ship, not water spaniels, swimming after rats,' I went half-mad and struck him."

"Just like you, Fred," said Robert, "but not the wisest nor the best things to do."

"Not quite, Father. Of course I was ashamed of myself directly it was done and begged his pardon and all the rest of it. But I knew that would go down in the Report to top all the rest, and—it was all pride you will say, Father Trotman,—I could not go on like an ordinary Christian after that"

"But it wasn't the Navy; you couldn't have been court-martialled"

"No; but it was about the same in its badness, and it made me keep away from men like a guilty creature."

"And that was why you tore down the steps after the fire."

"That was it. I didn't like to go without telling you who I was; so I kept lingering and thinking, till I just dropped a hint and tore off like a thief."

"Well, Fred, it's a shame to call a sick man a goose—but——"

"Right you are, Father; goose I certainly was; and greater goose still when I went off as I did, almost at once, to far-off parts, China, Japan, Australia, I cared not where, dreaming of some great deeds to be done by which to clear my name."

"They had it that you had joined the Chinese Navy."

"Not quite that; I did voluuteer in a set-to against the pirates who were swarming about the seas, to the damage of the Chinese and every other commerce. It was then that a great fellow, too big for a Chinese, I should think—a wandering warrior of some nation—was good enough to give me this little cut on the cheek and to wash the wound for me in salt water by tumbling me in. However, they picked me up and we ended by burning some thirty of the war-junks they had got together, and chasing them into their rat-holes, the creeks and narrow passages among the islands, where we dared not follow them."

"Poor old Fred," said Robert, soothingly; you've had a life of it."

"I have, Father, a wandering, roving, worthless life: gold-digging in the Australian fields, and canal making in Japan,

volunteering here and there with our own troops or with the French when there was fighting to be done, but never doing the grand deed of which I dreamed to make myself a name."

"And what brought you home?"

"Oh, I got sick of it, and began to think a name wasn't worth the making, and that if it was, I wasn't in the way to make it. So I worked my way home, taking on as a common sailor among the Lascars. You know the rest. It is an oft-told tale. Our little bark was driven out of its course by a storm, and we lost our masts, and what was almost worse our boats. As if this was not enough the cotton in our hold caught fire and we were obliged to knock up such raft as we could and drift where wind and wave chose to take us. Salt meat for food and salt water for drink, it is not quite a Lord Mayor's feast, and even Lord Mayors' feasts would not do if they lasted eight days or more. I don't know how long ours lasted. I know the crew got mad and would have killed a poor lad upon the raft if I had not stood by him. There!" he said, with a look of horror in his face, "I mustn't go through it all. You can read it all, far better than I could tell it, in story books, or from time to time in the papers when things happen more dreadful than the best writer of them all can pen."

"It's time you left off talking, my son," said Father Trotman. "Bye and by, some other day, you shall tell us all the rest."

CHAPTER VIII.

DEAR OLD FURSELEY.

It was the happiest day of his life. At least so Father Trotman said, and he ought to have known. And so said all that were there. They were not many it is true—just the four friends that our readers know already; the only strangers we must introduce are little Agnes and Cecilia Firmdale prettily dressed for bridesmaids in simplest white. Mrs. Firmdale herself was there of course; who else could have given the bride away

with such happy dignity, or have got the breakfast ready with such deft cookery and taste. Stop! there is one more stranger. Who should it be, think you, but Captain Sebert, found out somehow by Ambrose, and brought in to add to the festival the greatest happiness in life the sense of entire forgiveness of past wrong, and the healing of an old wound. The only wedding guest was he who could afford a present, and no rich present either, simply a model of the steam ship *Albatross*, from which Ambrose and Camelford had taken their frolic in the rolling wave.

Ambrose and Richard of course were there; soon to be drawn nearer together, for Richard in a day or two is to don the dress of one of Robert's regular lay-helpers, a work in which his bitterly bought knowledge of low life will prove useful. Of course the bride and bridegroom must have been there, or there could have been no marriage, and no proper ending of our story. But I had almost forgotten them. Who were they?

Our reader need not be told. Fredrick Camelford had simply been dying of exhaustion—of starvation in fact. He had not told half his heroic doings on board the raft. The youth he protected could have told us more had he been out of hospital yet, but it is a question still whether strong life and sound reason will hold rule in his boyish frame. None but Camelford could know what it cost him to put away the morsel of biscuit, or of flying fish which fell upon the raft, and to hold it to the lips of the dying boy. He only could know what it cost him to drive sleep from his eyes, lest that might be done while he slept, which they might not dare to do before his watching eyes. It was no wonder that, while the rest of the crew were soon about again, he, the strongest of them all, had drawn nearer than any to death.

But the same strong spirit, which had carried him through all, bade him save his own life as well as the lives of others: and though a haggard look has come which may never leave him, and though the heat of those days on the raft has left an unnatural sprinkling of snow upon his thick-black hair, he is still a strong man with life before him in which after more prudent fashion he will win himself a name which shall not quickly be forgotten.

As he grew stronger in hospital Ambrose had made petition that he might be brought in some way among themselves for more loving care. Martha who had been an extra nurse while he lay urged the petition too. Brother and sister were living together again now, not in the Palazzo Grossbese out Kensington way, but in a humble little cottage, 'very slummy' Richard called it, close to Robert; and sister and brother both declared that just as they had taken in Mrs Trotman and her son in the Palazzo, so could they find room for 'Fred,' if only they might have him. Have him of course they did. Well! the reader will know what happened. Poor Ambrose knew; for he found that sometimes he did not seem quite so welcome as he used to be when he slipped in to his old benefactor for a talk. Ambrose talked of the past, and somehow Fred seemed to be fonder of the present. The truth was Fred had put aside his stand-off ways, fairly beaten by Martha. Martha was not, as our readers may have fancied, nor had ever felt drawn to be, a Nun. She was perfectly free and if she liked to prolong the few weeks of nursing by a life of helping what was there to prevent?

Of course Robert and Richard had, as delicately as was possible, to find out how Fred was going to keep a wife when he had won her. In this there was no difficulty. When he left England in his fit of moodiness he had something in his own right, and as he had not drawn a penny of his little income it had gone on swelling till it would have filled a bigger purse than the two would need. He had added to it from time to time, sending home from Australia in his diggings, and a little prize-money from his Chinese fighting. So it was not going to be "love in our cottage in the slums," as Richard had laughingly prophesied; more like a "Palazzo Camelfordese for two," as he said afterwards.

So here they were, as happy a party as could be, and the bells were rung and the Mass was sung, and Richard has—no! not lost a sister—but gained a brother, drawn an old friend, as dear as a brother, into a still more brotherly nearness to himself.

There remains only to tell of Father Trotman's toast at the marriage banquet. Bride and bridegroom were of course

honoured with the accustomed health-drinking and praises not undeserved. But this over, Father Robert asked leave to add one more toast. "You will not easily guess what it is to be. Many years have passed," he said, "since the bridegroom and the bride's brother and myself, to whom has fallen the joy of making to-day a lifelong union, parted at the gates of Furseley School, after years of schoolboy friendship. They will not probably remember, as I do, that my words on leaving were 'Dear old Furseley,' and that when they somewhat mocked at me I did the rash thing of prophecying that they would one day be saying 'Dear old Furseley,' too. Well! my long-tried and trusty friends, to-day my prephecy comes true; you will drink with me to the toast of 'Dear old Furseley.' But for Furseley we should not have been friends; we should never have felt that lasting friendship which takes such hold upon us, when we first know it, at school. And but for our friendship, I might not have been a priest, for those strange bank-notes would never have come through the post, and perhaps I might never have got out of the burning house, and the things which surround us to-day would not have befallen."

"They would not, Father," cried Grossby, "they would not. I should have been still a——" But here the Bridegroom came to his aid seeing him ready to break down. "They would not, Father, he echoed, "they would not. I should never have risen from my sick bed, nor have won my nurse-wife oi to-day. Dear old Furseley, I say." And the little room was full of the happy voices wishing with one consent prosperity and happiness to

Dear old Furseley.

BLESSED PETER CANISIUS, S.J.

(1521–1597)

Adapted from the Italian of
the Rev. A. Anzini.

I

Peter Canisius was born at Nimeguen, in Holland, on May 8, 1521. His father was a distinguished lawyer, and was much esteemed by the Duke of Lorraine and the German princes, at whose courts he acted as ambassador. He always preserved his faith in the Catholic Church, and was very generous to the poor. In these pious sentiments he was greatly assisted by the example of his wife Egidia, of the family of Hovignan, of Bois-le-Duc, in Brabant, who, however, did not long survive the birth of her son.

After his mother's early death Peter's education was entrusted to the sister of his father's second wife, a very devout woman, under whose guidance Peter acquired a tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and a modesty truly angelic. He passed much of his time in prayer, which was his greatest joy. He also found great pleasure in decorating altars and in acting with infantile gravity the ceremonies of the Church. Even at this time his great piety induced him to abstain from wine and

delicate food several days in the week and to wear a rough hair-shirt in order to render his prayers more acceptable to God and to satisfy His anger for the sins of men. Although naturally of a fiery and lively disposition, he constantly kept command of himself, and avoided all worldly pleasures.

When he was fifteen his father decided to send him to the University of Cologne. Here, far from the paternal roof, his innocence would have been exposed to many dangers if his parents had not put him under the special care of a holy priest, Nicholas Esch, a distinguished Professor at the University. He drew up for Peter a rule of life, by which his time was well divided between study, practices of devotion, and recreation. Peter followed this rule with great fidelity, even when it interfered with the amusements of University life. Every day he read, and meditated on, a portion of Holy Scripture. He also delighted in reading the Lives of the Saints, that they might serve him as models in the practice of virtue, and to these daily exercises he added the frequent reception of the Sacraments.

After four years of indefatigable and successful study, his father proposed to Peter an advantageous marriage, but he declined this proposal, saying he was called to the service of the altar. His relations made no objection, and offered him a rich ecclesiastical living; but honours and riches had no attractions for him, and he thought of joining the Carthusians.

Hearing that Father Peter Faber, S.J., was preaching the Spiritual Exercises at Mayence, Peter Canisius felt drawn to go and follow the Exercises under his direction. After meditating profoundly for many days on the eternal truths and making himself acquainted with the spirit and work of the Society of Jesus, Peter no longer doubted that God called him to join the sons of St. Ignatius. On May 8, 1543, he made a vow to enter the Society, if considered worthy, and at once began his novitiate

at the Jesuits' house in Cologne. It is not easy to relate with what earnestness he devoted himself to study and works of piety and charity until Father Faber felt it his duty to recommend a little moderation, for fear the young novice should weaken his health.

Peter was called back to Nimeguen by the death of his father. In his great sorrow God consoled him by a vision in which he saw the glorious thrones his parents had gained in heaven by their virtues and penances. He remained some days with his family to transact business and to distribute among the poor the greater part of the rich inheritance left him, and then returned to Cologne, where, with the remainder of his fortune, he bought a house, in which the Jesuits were soon comfortably established. Peter's stepmother, extremely displeased at his having given away to strangers (as she considered) his inheritance, wrote him letters full of reproof. Among other things, she told him that a good son would keep God's commandments better by remaining with her who held the place of his mother, consoling her widowhood and helping her, than by giving charity to strangers. The holy novice, after praying and asking Father Faber's advice, wrote to her, telling her plainly that before God he found nothing to regret in what he was doing, because her means were ample and she had the help and companionship of her other children. The stepmother, however, was not easily pacified, and it was a long time before she acknowledged her error.

II

The saintly religious went through his course of theology with the greatest ardour, applying himself especially to the study of Holy Scripture and the writings of the Fathers. Having finished his studies with great distinction, he began humbly to prepare

for receiving Holy Orders, and in 1546 was ordained priest, and said his first Mass in the Convent of Nazareth at Cologne. While preparing to take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy he preached and administered the Sacraments in the churches of Cologne. The clergy and magistrates of the city insisted on his accepting a professorship at the University. About this time, too, he completed a new edition of the works of St. Cyril and St. Leo, with commentaries.

Father Peter's reputation for prudence and learning was so great that he was chosen by the Senate, the members of the University, and the clergy, to represent them, with the Bishop of Liège, at the court of the Emperor Charles V. Their mission was to decide what measures should be taken against the Archbishop of Cologne, who had been led away by the new ideas of the Protestant reformers, and to choose his successor.

The result was satisfactory, for the Pope, having gone carefully into all the details of the case, deposed and excommunicated the heresiarch and nominated his successor. But, before this happy result was achieved, the zealous envoy and his companions had much to endure from the heretics, who were busily spreading their false doctrines through the city, and had succeeded in persuading the magistrates to pass a decree of banishment against the Jesuits. But, when the first excitement had passed, the latter were allowed to return to the college with full liberty, and our good Father preached with such effect in the cathedral and public squares that he succeeded in preserving the Faith in Cologne, notwithstanding the bad example given by the apostate archbishop.

At this time the Council of Trent had been opened, and Cardinal Otto asked St. Ignatius to send Father Peter to attend the Council as a theologian, though he was only twenty-six years of age. Without remark, Father Peter obeyed the

command of his Superior, and was of great assistance in the work of arranging the decrees on the Sacraments.

When the sittings of the Council were suspended St. Ignatius summoned him to Rome, where he was received in private audience by the Pope, Paul III, before his departure to found a college in Sicily.

At Messina, Father Peter learnt Italian, and was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in the college. He became one of the most popular preachers in the town, but remained less than two years, being recalled to Rome in 1549. There he made his solemn vows, fervently recommending himself to the care of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul. In his *Book of Confessions* he says: "After the solemn profession I felt within myself unusual strength, a more lively hope, undisturbed peace, greater liberty, greater prudence and energy. Such, O my God! was the effect of your grace."

At this time the University of Bologna was renowned throughout Europe, and the new missionary repaired thither to take the degree of Doctor in Theology.

He was then sent to Ingolstadt, where he at once began lecturing on theology at the University and preaching in the churches, which were not large enough to contain the crowds who flocked to hear him. In Lent he redoubled his zeal and preached several times daily, yet found time to visit the prisons and hospitals and the homes of the poor. He was an angel of peace in family disagreements, and had a wonderful power of persuading the rich to help poor boys who showed signs of a religious vocation. He was by common consent elected Rector of the University, and accepted the position in order to have greater authority to carry out necessary reforms. Besides his ordinary lectures, he often held in his own rooms a special class to train the students in a virtuous life, and by gentleness, vigilance, and firmness it was not long before he completely reformed

them. On his monument in the University he is described as "a man of incomparable genius and erudition, a profound philosopher and theologian, an eloquent orator and a good and benevolent priest."

In 1552 the Emperor Ferdinand earnestly besought St. Ignatius to send this renowned ecclesiastic to Vienna, to open a college and administer that diocese, then vacant and in a deplorable condition. Barely one-twentieth of the population was still Catholic, and even the clergy, convents and schools were tainted with heresy. The courageous apostle of Germany did not lose heart, but, commending himself with lively faith to Our Lord, began his mission. In the early days of his preaching the Imperial Guards often had to protect him against the fury of the heretics, but he soon acquired such a reputation that every one wished to hear him, and many persons of all classes abjured their errors. The learned theologian was very anxious to revive Catholic doctrine at the University, and was at last able to secure a profession of faith from all persons seeking the degree of Doctor. He then proceeded to found a seminary, for there were two hundred parishes without pastors ; and, as if Vienna furnished too restricted a field for his activity, he often gave missions in the country places round about. God blessed his apostolic zeal : hundreds of conversions followed, and all declared that he was a saint, and ardently desired he should be consecrated Archbishop of Vienna. Thrice did the Emperor beseech him to accept this dignity, and the Papal Nuncio also used every effort to persuade him ; but the pious missionary was not to be moved, and often repeated, " God did not call me to a religious order in which all dignities are renounced to make me an archbishop. But I will continue, in obedience to my Superior, to administer this diocese until a new archbishop is elected."

Amidst all his occupations Father Peter found time to write a Catechism of Christian Doctrine, which, by command of the Emperor Ferdinand, was used

throughout Germany as an antidote to the writings of the heretics. In less than a hundred years, four hundred editions of this valuable work were published in different languages. The fruit which this Catechism bore was incalculable, more especially in Germany, and the rage of the Protestants against its zealous author was rekindled. Two of the most eager challenged him to a discussion, hoping to bring him to ridicule before the people, but Father Peter met their arguments with such great theological learning that one retired from the conflict and the other was converted.

In 1554 the Emperor appointed Father Peter director of the Archducal College and head of the University, but God, who had destined him to be the apostle of Germany, led him in the following year to Prague, there to open a Jesuit college.

His arrival greatly excited the heretics, who abused and threw stones at him, and once even plotted to throw him into the river Moldau. But his open disposition and charity had won him much respect and affection, and the conspiracy was suppressed. It was not long before even the most violent of his enemies became ashamed of their behaviour to a man so calm and patient under the most fierce persecutions. They began to attend his sermons and ended by being converted.

Father Peter next founded Jesuit houses in Hungary, Transylvania, and Breslau. The great development of the Society induced St. Ignatius to erect the German Province, and Father Peter, much against his own wishes, was chosen Provincial. He was regarded by all as the barrier which Providence opposed to the Protestant reformation, in the interests of the Catholic Church.

III

In February, 1557, the Emperor Ferdinand summoned to Ratisbon the princes and dignitaries of

the Empire, ecclesiastic and lay, to discuss what measures would best conduce to the triumph of religion. He specially desired the presence of Father Peter, who was nominated preacher to this learned assembly.

Among other measures it was decided to grant the Protestants a public conference, and Father Peter was chosen to propose the questions for discussion. Although persuaded that it would be useless, he submitted to a formal decree from Rome and retired to Innsbruck to prepare for the discussion. At the same time he provided for the wants of the college there, which had been opened a short time previously.

The discussion was fixed for the 12th September, at Worms, and the Protestant doctors arrived there headed by Melanchthon. As permission to dispute was conceded to those only who accepted the Confession of Augsburg, Father Peter first of all demanded this profession of faith from the Protestants. This unforeseen demand threw the Protestant doctors into confusion, for, with their free interpretation of the Bible, they found it impossible to agree upon even one fundamental article of faith, and, not being able to resist their adversary (who united great command of language to his ardent faith), they all went off, calling each other by most uncomplimentary titles! The Catholic doctors, united in the strict bonds of the true Faith, remained behind victorious, and were much applauded by the great crowd of persons who had come, some from a distance, to attend the conference. Many were converted by what they heard at it.

The Protestant leaders, to revenge themselves, had recourse to the infamous calumnies brought forward by the Arians against St. Athanasius; the good Father only redoubled his zealous efforts to convert them.

About this time he returned to Cologne to visit the college, and was greatly cheered by finding the Catholics there persevering in the unity of the Faith.

Hearing that the heretics were making extraordinary efforts to propagate Protestantism in the city of Strasburg, Father Peter resolved to give a mission there. He employed the time that was not occupied in preaching, in preparing the children for their first Communion.

The Bishop having begged him to open a seminary, he chose Friburg, in Breisgau, as the most suitable place for it, as being a Catholic city with a flourishing University. The clergy, magistrates, and professors of this city received him with extraordinary manifestations of joy and respect, helped him generously in the foundation of the seminary, and begged him to remain among them.

But other places, far more in need of spiritual assistance, awaited his presence. While he was all intent on his apostolic labours, now in one city, now in another, it began to be rumoured that Austria was on the point of apostatizing, and that the Jesuits would be ruthlessly persecuted. Albert, Duke of Bavaria, came, full of anxiety, to Father Peter, earnestly beseeching him to retire to Bavaria with all his brethren. Blessed Peter replied: "I thank you for your kind thought for us, but we cannot abandon Austria in her greater danger, that of losing the Faith. We will show ourselves to be true Confessors of the Faith, even to the shedding of our blood."

During Lent, 1558, Father Peter preached against heresy at Strobinga, and he was then called to Rome, where the Chapter of the Society was assembling to elect a new Superior-General, St. Ignatius being dead. Father Peter was requested by his brethren to deliver the Latin discourse on the choice of a good Superior, and Father Laynez was elected.

As soon as the Chapter dispersed, Father Peter went to Poland with the Papal Nuncio to defend the rights of the Church at the Diet of Petrikau, where he exposed the errors of the new teaching and encouraged the faithful, imparting some of his own

zeal for religion to clergy, magistrates, and people. He founded two Jesuit colleges in Poland, at Posen and Gnesen.

His mission in Poland being so happily completed, Father Peter went in the same year to Vienna, to assist at the funeral of the Emperor Charles V. While there he received noticeth at Cardinal Otho, Bishop of Augsburg, had proposed him as preacher in that celebrated cathedral. The servant of God held this office for some years, though as Provincial he occasionally visited Austria, Bohemia, and Bavaria, to provide for the wants of the Society and to direct his brethren in those places where the attacks of the heretics were most violent.

Among the numerous conversions effected at Augsburg through the preaching of Blessed Peter, one of the most remarkable was that of the Countess Sybil, wife of Count Mark Fugger. She had embraced Protestantism with so much determination that all the prayers and arguments of her father and husband failed to convert her, until Blessed Peter, whom she had always refused to meet, appeared to her in a dream and exhorted her to return at once to Catholicism if she would escape the terrible punishments God had prepared for her in this world and the next. After this apparition she consented to see Father Peter. He came accompanied by Father Vandelin, who was shown in first. But when the Countess saw him she said: "It was not he who appeared to me." Then Count Mark introduced Father Peter, whereupon she immediately exclaimed: "It was he whom I saw in my dream!" She listened to him then with great attention, begging him to explain away all the errors in her mind; and, having abjured Protestantism, lived in the holy fear of God for the rest of her life.

To his great satisfaction, Father Peter was soon able (aided by the generosity of the Counts Fugger) to open a college in a house given to the Jesuits by the Cardinal Bishop for that purpose.

For some time Duke Albert of Bavaria had been asking for a Jesuit college at Munich, and he obtained his wish after Blessed Peter had had a vision in which the Blessed Virgin revealed to him the extraordinary fruits which this new foundation would yield. The ten Fathers sent there found that, in spite of their ceaseless labours, they were unable, even before the college had been opened a year, to satisfy the piety of the people, so eager were they to hear the Word of God and to receive the grace of the Sacraments. It became necessary to increase the number of Fathers, and this college, which Father Peter founded amidst so many other occupations, produced such abundant fruit that it became perhaps the most celebrated of all the Jesuit houses in the world.

Father Peter also assisted in the foundation of colleges in the cities of Treves and Mayence, on the occasion of a journey to Vienna with Cardinal Hosius. He next opened a college at Innsbruck, and, while engaged in all these fatiguing duties, preaching, visits to Augsburg, and journeys, found time to compose *The Catholics' Manual* and other books, and to correspond almost daily with princes, cardinals, bishops, and doctors of Italy, Germany, Austria, Poland, and Bohemia.

To understand fully the secret of such great activity we should have some idea of his interior life.

He regularly spent five or six hours a day in vocal and mental prayer. He found strength, knowledge, zeal, and prudence at the foot of the Crucifix, and never began any work without first offering it to God, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints.

The labours of the celebrated preacher of Augsburg were known at Rome, and the reigning Pontiff, Pius IV, gave him a singular mark of his satisfaction in the following Brief : —

"To Our beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing.

"Our beloved son, Cardinal Otho of Augsburg, has informed Us with what zeal, ardour and charity you have laboured in that part to convert the multitudes of people who, misled by insidious heresies, had forsaken the true Faith ; and with what success you have devoted yourself to these labours for God. This knowledge has been a cause of great consolation to Us, and We give thanks to the Omnipotent, who in His mercy has already led so many back to the Catholic Church through your labours. Continue, beloved son, to use all efforts to gain the greatest possible number of souls. Do not weary of the labour you have so cordially undertaken for the love of Him you serve, who will give you the reward promised to His good and faithful servants.

"If you desire anything of Us that might help towards the salvation of souls—whatever it may be, ask it of Us. We will grant it with all Our heart.

"Given at Rome. May 5th, 1561."

IV

On the reopening of the Council of Trent in 1563, the Emperor Ferdinand and the venerable Fathers there assembled urgently desired Father Peter's presence, both on account of his profound theological learning and because, being so well acquainted with the needs of Germany, he was peculiarly fitted to propose measures to prevent the spread of heresy.

The Cardinal Bishop of Augsburg, seeing how necessary it was that Father Peter should attend the Council, consented to his departure after Easter. Meantime, the good religious redoubled his zeal to make up for the time when he should be away. But about Holy Week his labours in the pulpit and confessional brought on a serious illness. Public

prayers were recited for his recovery, and God cured him by a miracle, so that on Easter Sunday he was able to preach in the cathedral.

After Easter he started for Trent, where he was received with almost the veneration due to a saint. On his arrival he visited Cardinal Hosius, who had been ill for a long time, and who was instantly restored to health on embracing the holy religious.

As soon as Father Peter joined the Council certain proposals of the Emperor's Ministers were given him to examine. He did not approve of them, and had he not fearlessly opposed the Emperor some resolutions would have been passed which would have broken up the Council and perhaps also have caused a schism. Before Father Peter returned to Augsburg he was asked to give a mission in Swabia, and vast numbers of people attended it. On his way back he stopped at Dillingen, where he opened a college with twenty Jesuit professors, one of whom was his sister's son, Henry Denis, a distinguished theologian. When these two missions had been accomplished, and Father Peter had returned to Augsburg to resume his preaching in the cathedral, a young man one day came to him asking to be admitted into the Society of Jesus. This was Prince Stanislaus Kostka, who, having endured much from the opposition his relations made to his entering religion, at last, inspired by God, left Vienna in the dress of a poor pilgrim in search of a refuge. The holy Apostle of Germany, we read in a life of St. Stanislaus, having obtained minute information about the life of the young man, and recognizing the edifying spirit of faith, humility, and purity by which he was animated, and his ardent desire of entering religion, received him with great cordiality, and sent him to begin his novitiate at the College of Dillingen, where he gave a noble example of all virtues.

All this time Blessed Peter continued without intermission his sermons and conferences, strengthening the effect of them by the practical example of

his holy life, all humility and purity, and always animated by the most lively faith, hope, and charity towards God and his neighbour. He was a great apostle because interiorly he was a great saint. It is due to his memory that we still find in many towns of Germany and Austria a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, for he used every possible means to increase this devotion, looking upon it as a most powerful weapon against Protestantism.

In 1564 we find Father Peter founding a college at Braunsberg, at the request of Cardinal Hosius, and in the same year, the plague having broken out at Augsburg and Dillingen, he made it his duty to return at once to assist the plague-stricken people. He began by making them understand that God had sent this scourge as a punishment for so many apostasies, and that they must return to a truly Christian life and do penance. He then resumed the public prayers and solemn Processions which the heretics had abolished. Day and night he was to be found by the bedsides of the sick, giving them both bodily and spiritual help, and would not listen to his friends when they tried to persuade him to fly from the danger. After many prayers and penances performed by the blessed servant of God for this intention, the plague at last ceased.

The Canons of Augsburg Cathedral disapproved of and found fault with Father Peter's zeal ; we can imagine how greatly this distressed him when we consider the scandal that would be caused by this division. However, it was not long before the Canons recognized that they were in the wrong, and, at the request of the Bishop, asked Father Peter to pardon them, and returned to their former friendly relations with him. Another trial was caused by the Emperor, who desired all the faithful to receive Holy Communion under both species. Father Peter, however, as Provincial, directed his brethren to abide by the regulations of the Church.

V

When the Council of Trent was ended it was necessary that its decrees should be accepted by the various princes of Germany, and Father Peter, being considered the person most capable of carrying out this mission, was nominated Apostolic Nuncio by the Pope in 1565. Father Peter accepted this honour out of obedience, but preserved the same humility as before, wearing no outward sign of his dignity and visiting the Courts of the Empire attended by only one religious.

He took this opportunity to revisit Holland, his native land, where he was received with great honour. His relations all desired the honour of entertaining him in their respective houses, but, in order not to arouse jealousy, he followed the example of St. Ignatius and declined all their offers. He accepted, however, an invitation to a banquet they gave in his honour, but only on condition they would all receive the Sacraments on the following day. This they agreed to, and, after they had received Holy Communion, he made them promise to be always faithful to the Catholic religion and to defend it to the utmost of their power.

On returning to Augsburg in 1566 he hoped to take a short rest, but, at the command of the new Pope, Pius V, he assisted at the Diet then being held in that city, and afterwards went to Rome to confer with the Pope as to the best means of combating the heresy. He proposed first to restore the German college founded by St. Ignatius at Rome, which had almost ceased to exist owing to various difficulties.

In becoming, as it were, the second founder of this very important institute, Father Peter's aim was to provide bishops and good priests, not only for Germany and Austria, but also for Hungary, Belgium, and Switzerland. When at last he had the consolation of seeing the college reopened with a good

number of students, he took the greatest care to lead them into the paths of perfection. He delighted to be with them during recreation, lovingly instilling into their hearts all his own piety, and describing to them the interesting places in the Papal city.

The beneficial results of the German college were so obvious that the same plan was pursued with regard to the other nations, and Father Peter's idea was thus the origin of the College of Propaganda, in which many young men from different parts of the world are prepared for the priesthood, afterwards returning to their own countries as missionaries. From this we see how much the Church in all countries and all ages owes to Blessed Peter Canisius for the great share he took in the foundation of these seminaries. The Pope wished to create him Cardinal, but Father Peter could not be persuaded to accept this high dignity.

Pius V then entrusted to him a difficult mission—that of reanimating the zeal of certain bishops who, owing to their advanced age, had lost some of the energy necessary for their office. He first went to Würzburg, where he held discussions with the apostates and converted many. He also devoted himself to the care of the children, formed an association of zealous priests to work for the conversion of the heretics, suppressed abuses in the administration of the Sacraments, restored to the clergy many ecclesiastical benefices which had fallen into the hands of the laity ; in short, he effected an entire reform among both clergy and people.

Father Peter was at this time attacked by a painful malady, which he bore with admirable patience. While yet only convalescent, he made an effort to attend the Synod at Augsburg, where he encouraged the bishops to promulgate and carry out the decrees of the Council of Trent. He next visited the Tyrol, where he had a miraculous escape from death, for during a very violent storm he fell from his horse. There was no one to render him any assistance, and

he said afterwards that if an angel had not come to his aid he must have died.

As soon as his mission at Innsbruck was finished he returned to Dillingen to oppose some Lutheran theologians at Magdeburg, who had begun to publish a course of history called the *Magdeburg Centuries*. Father Peter wrote two volumes in refutation of the errors contained in this work, and was so successful that the Pope immediately expressed his satisfaction.

Cardinal Baronius refers to Father Peter in flattering terms in his *Ecclesiastical Annals*, speaking of him as "a man of great learning and piety, who had exposed unanswerably the ignorance, folly, and bad faith of the innovators."

Father Peter gave missions successively at Dillingen, Ellwangen, Magdeburg, and Würzburg. Finally, he invited the heads of the various Jesuit colleges to meet at Augsburg, gave them a report of the state of the Province, and then went to Rome to resign the office of Provincial. On the way he preached at Loreto on the happiness and holiness of the religious life. Among his hearers was St. Stanislaus, who died only a few days after, assisted in his last moments by Father Peter, who had received him into the novitiate.

Arrived in Rome, Father Peter sought an interview with the General, St. Francis Borgia, to render him an account of his administration and beg to be relieved of his great responsibility. Humbly kneeling, he asked a penance for any faults committed in the performance of his official duties. But the General replied: "We shall never impose a penance on one to whom the Province owes so much, who is there venerated as a father, and under whose direction it has so prospered that his memory will be always blessed and revered." As soon as a new Provincial was nominated the good religious retired to Dillingen, sanctifying himself by prayer and study, and by fulfilling the most lowly duties, until he was recalled

to Augsburg to recommence his missions to the people of that city, who venerated him as a saint.

Father Peter was simple and kind with children and the poor ; but in dealing with great people he showed, as we have already seen, firmness and prudence, pointing out their duty to princes and bishops. Many of his letters could be quoted to prove this ; one in particular deserves to be remembered. It was written with all the strength of a holy friendship to Cardinal Otho, who had been absent from Augsburg for a long time. " Many people here unite with me in desiring your return, and that for serious reasons. Your Church is in a much more critical state than you imagine. On the conscience of the Bishop lies the greatest responsibility, and I wonder you can sleep in peace when there is question of a diocese in which so many thousands of souls, both pastors and flock, are in danger owing to the absence of their Bishop. I beg you to pardon the liberty I am taking, but I must tell you what I feel, because I hold your Eminence in particular esteem and affection." As a result of this admonition Cardinal Otho, through his talents, virtues, and labours, became a pillar of the Church. It was owing to this truly apostolic firmness that Blessed Peter acquired that strong but gentle authority which made him the centre of the Catholic movement in the German provinces.

The Diet of Ratisbon, held in 1576, presented a signal opportunity for the exercise of this authority, with fruitful results to the Church and the Empire. The new Emperor, Maximilian, finding himself obliged to seek the help of the Protestant party in fighting against the Turks, had inspired them with hopes that filled the Catholics with alarm. Cardinal Maron, the Papal Legate, called upon Father Peter to use his influence with all classes, by public and private discourses, on this critical occasion. The Father, by his prudent advice, induced the assembled people to adopt a resolu-

tion not to make innovations in religious matters and to avoid molesting the Protestants by opposing the concessions made to them. By this means he managed to preserve peace. Up to this the Emperor Maximilian had been prejudiced against the Jesuits, and particularly against Father Peter. He complained bitterly of them to the Legate, saying: "The Jesuits are doubtless very virtuous men and highly capable as regards learning and matters of business, but they are too severe and unyielding in religious questions. They do not sufficiently take into consideration the circumstances of the moment. Father Canisius is absolutely immovable when once he has come to a decision." The Legate told him that if the Catholic princes and his Majesty were satisfied with the decisions arrived at by the Diet it was owing to Father Peter, who had suggested the means by which peace had been maintained between Catholics and Protestants. From that time forth the Emperor showed himself just and favourable to the Jesuits.

From 1574 to 1580 Father Peter dwelt principally at the convent at Innsbruck, where, by order of the Provincial, he preached during Lent to the Court, though it cost him a great effort to deal with people who were but little disposed to draw real profit from the Word of God.

During these six years he went several times to Ingolstadt and Landshut to give missions. At the end of each of these missions Father Peter retired at once to the convent, not to enjoy a slothful repose, but to prepare for death by prolonged prayers and severe fasts, and also to give some time to study.

He would willingly have remained in the seclusion of his cell to the end of his days had not Providence destined him to be the Apostle of Switzerland, and particularly of Friburg, where the Provincial Hoffée sent him in 1580, by order of the Superior-General, to establish the College of St. Michael.

VI

Christianity had been introduced into Switzerland by zealous missionaries from Italy and Gaul while it was still a Roman Province. Schuler tells us that St. Beatus, a disciple of St. Peter, starting from Rome with several companions, crossed the Alps and reached the Lake of Thun, where he preached the gospel. St. Hyginus evangelized Valais in the second century and St. Lucius founded the bishopric of Coire (Rhætia) and suffered martyrdom. In the third century St. Dionysius preached at Geneva and St. Eucherius on the banks of the Rhine, near Bâle. Bishoprics were soon established at Geneva, Avenches, Vindonissa (Brugg), and Coire. In the sixth century St. Fridolin converted Glarus and St. Marius preached at Lausanne. In the seventh century St. Columbanus, St. Gallus, and St. Swidbert evangelized the countries bordering on the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limmat, and St. Donatus preached at Gruyères. So that by A.D. 1000 all the countries which afterwards formed the Swiss Republic professed the Christian religion.

The Swiss preserved the Catholic faith in all its purity until the beginning of the sixteenth century, as is shown by their glorious title of "Defenders of the Holy See" given them by Pope Julius II. The honour in which religion was held in Switzerland is also shown by the piety of the Confederates, who invoked with lively faith the help of the God of armies on the battlefields of Morgarten, Sempach, and Morat, and also by the authority of Blessed Nicholas von der Flüe, who, at the Diet of Stanz in 1481, reconciled the rival Confederates. Later, however, the Swiss yielded to ambition and avarice. They took service in the armies of foreign princes, and by degrees lost their faith and upright customs. And so great numbers of them were easily led away to apostatize by the writings of Luther and the preaching of Zwinglius, whose impious doctrine, which flattered private

judgement, found many supporters at Zürich, where the heretics began to burn images and destroy altars, openly refusing obedience to the Church of Rome. Berne, Schaffhausen, and Bâle all followed the same heretical course. They tried to constrain the other cantons to apostatize by force of arms, but were beaten by them in four battles, in one of which (at Kappel) Zwinglius was killed. His followers after this made peace with the Catholics, to avoid a ruinous civil war. The four Zwinglian cantons shortly after made an alliance with Geneva, embraced the doctrines preached by Calvin, and continued to spread Protestantism with zeal worthy of a better cause. It was difficult for the Catholics to avoid the contamination of their faith on account of the commercial intercourse they were obliged to keep up with the Protestants. St. Charles Borromeo came to the help of the Swiss bishops ; he visited all the Catholic cantons and was received with great satisfaction and greater respect. Wherever he passed, he stirred up the Catholic spirit in both clergy and people.

The need of a college to educate priests for the Catholic cantons was much felt, and many projects were formed, but the foundation of the college being delayed for various reasons, St. Charles partly supplied the want by opening a Swiss college at Milan. After some time he was able to open a Jesuit college at Lucerne, thanks to the generosity of a benefactor, Louis Pfyffer, and he induced the Pope to send Mgr. Bonomi, Bishop of Vercelli, as Nuncio to Switzerland.

Mgr. Bonomi shared St. Charles' wish to found a college at Friburg, where great difficulties had been encountered in preserving the Faith. The writings of Luther had been burnt by the public executioner and the people had made and renewed solemn professions of Faith ; but, in spite of this, little by little the new doctrines had corrupted the religion and habits of the people, and this principally because the boys of Friburg were obliged to attend

Protestant schools in Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva. At that time Peter Schneuwly, whose ability and learning were second only to his zeal for religion, was Provost of the clergy and at the head of the Schools Committee. He enjoyed the full confidence of the Nuncio, and it seemed to them both that the best way to maintain the Faith was to invite the Jesuits to Friburg. But the Government, though sharing this opinion, hesitated at the enormous expense of building the college. This difficulty was soon solved. The Abbey of Marsens was at this time almost unoccupied, and the Nuncio Bonomi and Provost Schneuwly, with the consent of the Government, obtained the suppression of this abbey from the Pope, Gregory XIII. In the same Bull the Pope instituted "*in perpetuo*" a Jesuit college in the city of Friburg, annexing and incorporating with this college the suppressed monastery and all its possessions. The Nuncio, who had known Father Canisius in Germany, begged the Superior-General to send him to found the college, which request was granted, and Father Peter left Dillingen for Friburg Nov. 21, 1580, accompanied by Father Robert Andren, S.J.

The Nuncio Bonomi met them at Lucerne. They reached Berne while sentence of death against a criminal was being carried out, and were recognized as priests by the fanatical Protestant crowd, who followed them with insulting cries, throwing mud and snow. One man tried to drag the Nuncio from his horse, saying that he and the two Jesuits deserved the gallows more than the wretch they were carrying to execution. A year later this man was condemned for his crimes to suffer that punishment he had desired for the ministers of God. The respectful welcome the priests received at Friburg and the joy of the people on their arrival recompensed them for the ill-treatment they had suffered at Berne. The clergy, magistrates, and people joined in an enthusiastic movement to receive in a fitting manner the holy apostle, whom they already

venerated, though he was personally unknown to them.

Mgr. Bonomi, presenting Father Peter to the authorities of Friburg, said : "I bring you one who should be most dear to you, for you possess in him an apostle, a doctor, and a father full of solicitude for your souls." All applauded these happily inspired words and promised compliance, but the humble Father was filled with confusion. He thanked the Council for the honours they had paid him as a priest, explained the ends the Society proposed to attain by opening colleges, and added that from that moment he and his companions consecrated their lives and labours to the welfare of the young and of the whole Republic. He was listened to with the greatest attention. When he ceased speaking a murmur of satisfaction ran round the assembly, and the Nuncio was warmly thanked for introducing among them a man so celebrated for his sanctity and learning. Three of the magistrates were appointed to provide the Fathers with all they required, and the Chapter of St. Nicholas put a house at their disposal. Eleven days after their arrival the Nuncio put them in formal possession of all the rights and goods of the Abbey of Marsens, in presence of the deputies of the Council, who promised their favour and protection to the Jesuits, granting at the same time an exemption from all taxes, whether for their personal possessions or those of the future College.

Father Peter began by making an accurate survey of the new field opened to his activity. He was now sixty years of age, but the energy of his spirit supplied for his failing strength. He arranged with Provost Schneuwly to begin a course of Spiritual Exercises for the Canons of St. Nicholas, the Augustinians and other religious bodies. To Father Andren he assigned the Church of Our Lady, where the sermons were in French, and he himself preached in German to the students, besides undertaking the catechetical instruction. Seeing the

eagerness with which these people heard the Word of God, he began to catechize and preach in the public places of the city. Tradition tells us that the statues erected in various positions in the city of Friburg indicate the spots where Blessed Peter was accustomed to give his instructions. Each day had its special work. One was set apart for the instruction of the children in Christian doctrine, another for the instruction of adults ; a third was devoted to visiting the prisons and hospitals ; and so on. Besides this, he was always ready to hear confessions and to go to the assistance of the sick and dying. He also devoted much attention and time to the explanation of controversial questions raised by the Zwinglians and Calvinists.

Many difficulties had to be encountered before the college could be opened, but Father Peter started two or three classes provisionally, aiming always at the principal object which he had proposed to himself on coming to Friburg ; that is, to train the youths to piety and so turn them away from the temptations of heresy. At Friburg, as he had done at Cologne, Messina, and Ingolstadt, he instituted the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, which was soon in a flourishing condition.

Three years later, during a terrible epidemic, he established confraternities for men and women at the Church of Our Lady. The object of these confraternities was devotion to the Mother of God and the imitation of her virtues, and they yielded in abundance those fruits desired by the Father, such as loyalty and obedience to the Church, strength of character to overcome human respect, the fear of God, purity of life, attendance at Mass, the frequentation of the Sacraments, and generosity in works of mercy.

Encouraged by the good results he had obtained in the city, Father Peter extended his labours to the country people. As he had formerly left Vienna to preach the gospel to the poor, so we now see him

leaving Friburg, leaning on his stick and Rosary in hand, going alone from village to village and from cottage to cottage, instructing and comforting the poor people, and making them all renew their profession of faith and swear to be faithful to the Catholic religion, as the magistrates and townspeople had already done. He introduced his Catechism into all the places he visited, and confirmed pastors and people in the true Faith.

His zeal and virtues soon won the love and veneration of these good people, who kept repeating, "Now we know from experience that there is a saint among us; he is the first saint Providence has sent us, and we will never let him leave us." On his side, Father Peter was edified and charmed by the excellent disposition shown by the people of Friburg, by their piety, docility, and eagerness to hear the Word of God.

VII

Father Peter had hoped to begin building a college at once, but the work was greatly delayed by want of means. The revenues of the Abbey of Marsens were insufficient, and the public treasury was nearly exhausted and could not be drawn on for a contribution. In spite of this, the good Father did not lose heart, but began to do the little good permitted by circumstances. Many of the upper classes sent their sons to the colleges and universities of the neighbouring Protestant cantons, to the almost certain danger of their losing the Faith. Father Peter, therefore, obtained from the Senate an Edict recalling all the students from the Protestant towns. The Government assisted him by buying a disused monastery on the Lausanne road, where the school was opened.

The foundations of the college were laid in 1585, but after some time it was found necessary to suspend the works, for there were rumours of war with Berne and all the workmen were employed in building new

ramparts. Thanks to some of Father Peter's good friends, however, work on the college was soon resumed. Provost Schneuwly, then Vicar-General, visited the country villages, inciting the French and German speaking people to a holy rivalry, and these good people gave him 1,600 vehicles for the transport of material, a difficult matter, for the college was being built on a hill.

The opponents of the college now spread a report that the Jesuits were collecting war material, and the populace became so excited that the Government had to guard the college to protect it from an invasion of these fanatics. They went so far as to say that whenever a Jesuit left Friburg he took large sums of money out of the country ; whereas, on the contrary, the Jesuits gave more than £5,000 sterling to the College of St. Michael and £8,000 for the magnificent church adjoining it—large sums for those days.

When Father Peter had seen the classes and other works he had started at Friburg well established, he begged the Superior-General to relieve him of the rectorship of the college for the following reasons : his advanced age, the necessity he felt for the hidden life of obedience of a simple religious to prepare better for death and his desire of dedicating himself to the salvation of souls, more particularly by preaching.

From that time until the end of his life the Blessed Father lived among his brethren like a simple religious, with the title of Preacher, although nothing important was ever done without consulting him.

He took part in the common life when he was able, and his name is rarely mentioned in the annals of the college. However, the fame of Father Peter's glorious apostolate had spread far and wide, and St. Charles Borromeo wrote in 1583 to congratulate and thank him for the good work he had done for the Church.

Father Peter's influential position and the authority

he exercised enabled him to induce the magistrates to repeal certain laws but little conducive to Christian morality. He often assembled the priests of the neighbourhood in conference, and by kind discourses excited their zeal and revived their courage. He also proposed questions on morals, dogma, and canon law, which each answered as he thought best. When he dismissed them, Father Peter would repeat the words of St. Ignatius : "Go, set the world on fire with the flame of divine love."

He also introduced academic reunions for the students, and imparted such vigour to the various branches of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, that he aroused a spirit of pious rivalry in all sorts of good works among the members.

The efficacy of Father Peter's preaching is shown by numerous conversions from Protestantism ; we will give some examples.

When the delegates of the Protestant cantons went to Friburg to negotiate business matters with the Government they attended Father Peter's sermons, and were so fully convinced of the truth of his teaching that they nearly all abjured heresy, and their example was followed by many others. During the Lent of 1583 he converted sixty-one persons. On the occasion of a Jubilee the effect of his words was so great that all the Catholics approached the Sacraments, the most obstinate enemies were reconciled, persons leading bad lives put an end to the scandal, and fifty-six Protestants returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

This laborious life had at last exhausted the physical strength of our apostle, and in spite of his energy he felt he was growing weaker day by day. He had just entered his sixty-eighth year when a stroke of apoplexy brought him to the point of death. This news threw the whole city into consternation, and the people rushed to the churches to pray that so precious a life might be spared. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed, prayers were publicly recited, and pilgrim-

ages made to the shrines of Our Lady. These prayers were heard, and God restored him to a certain degree of health. Though no longer able to preach, he became sufficiently vigorous to labour for nine years more for souls, by prayer, advice, and writing. Among his most valuable writings we must mention his *Notes on the Gospels for Feasts*, two books of meditations, which he dedicated respectively to the clergy and magistrates, and two other works, one called *The Exercise of Piety*, the other *The Catholics' Manual*. He also wrote lives of the principal saints of Switzerland—St. Maurice, St. Victor, St. Ursus, St. Fridolin, St. Beatus, and Blessed Nicholas von der Flüe. To this list must be added his immense correspondence.

On August 5, 1596, the College of St. Michael was opened, and a community of nineteen Jesuits took formal possession of it. After Mass had been celebrated in the private chapel of the Vicar-General, Father Peter, leaning on his stick, advanced slowly towards the pulpit, to speak to the people for the last time. In the midst of profound silence the holy apostle invoked the blessing of God on them, and explained the mission and objects of the Jesuits in coming to Friburg. He concluded by earnestly exhorting them to persevere in defending the Catholic Church, and in the constant exercise of Christian virtue.

VIII

In personal appearance Father Peter was tall and well proportioned. His countenance and clearly-cut features showed the strength and sweetness of his character. His manner of speech was grave but full of kindness, although, when it was necessary, he knew how to move the souls of his hearers by the power of his words. He treated every one kindly, especially children, of whom he was particularly fond. "Remember," he often told parents, "you were once like them. Guard them, watch over

them, keep them from doing wrong, and then you will not have to be angry with them." Even in old age he maintained a praiseworthy regularity of life, as the following rule, which he drew up for himself in 1594, will show :—

"Study must cease at four in the afternoon, and after a short walk prayers, reading, and meditation will fill up the time till supper. During the day I will recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin, after midday read the Martyrology and recite Matins. I will rise at four, say Prime, meditate, say Mass, then Tierce and Sext. . . . After these the Gradual Psalms, the Penitential Psalms, the Office of the Holy Cross, and the Rosary for the Faithful Departed. I will often recollect myself, particularly before and after study. I will speak little and keep aloof from outside matters ; consider every one my superior, ask little, examine my conscience, conquer vanity, the satisfaction of the senses and idleness ; moderate my love of study, have greater confidence in God. I will not be too ready to find fault, but will close my eyes to my neighbour's defects, considering my own nothingness. I will exercise virtue in little things and often look on the Crucifix. On Feasts I will hear more than one Mass, read the Rule of the Society and other spiritual books, assist at the singing of the litanies, and recite the office *Æternæ Sapientiæ*."

His soul was inundated and penetrated by the love of God. When at prayer he seemed to belong no longer to the world ; he forgot everything, and even lost all feeling to such an extent that it was necessary to shake him to awaken him from his consoling ecstasies. One day a curate, Edward Thorin, found him in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, his countenance resplendent and a circle of flame around his head.

God was willing to show the sanctity of his faithful servant by the gifts of prophecy and miracles. He predicted the day of his death some time before it

occurred, and also wrote to his sister to warn her of the approaching death of her husband.

For the sake of brevity we will relate only two miracles out of the great number he worked. Councillor William Krumenstoll, returning homewards one winter evening, fell beneath his horse while passing a chapel near the city, and could not free himself. In this extremity he invoked the aid of God, and, persuaded of the sanctity of Father Peter, recommended himself to him that he might intercede for God's mercy on his behalf. He was at once able to get up, and found he had sustained no injury. He did not mention his accident, and there were no witnesses of it. Five days afterwards he paid a visit to Father Peter, who, on seeing him, said : "My dear friend, what happened to you on such a night near the chapel of St. Anthony?" The Councillor was astonished, and still more so when the Father related to him the most minute details of his accident. He began thanking Father Peter, who only said : "Thank God, not me."

The wife and child of Fridolin Lautenschlager being dangerously ill and given up by the doctors, he hastened to tell Father Peter, who raised his eyes to heaven in prayer, and then said : "Your wife and child are now out of danger." Fridolin returned home immediately and found it was as the holy man had said.

During his whole life Father Peter maintained strict abstinence, sometimes not eating as much in a week as another would in a day ; it was nothing unusual for him to remain forty-eight hours without taking any nourishment whatever. Even when ill, only obedience induced him to break his fast. In his last illness his superiors were obliged to remove all the instruments of penance which he had used from his childhood.

He had often besought our Lord to let him die in great suffering, in union with Jesus crucified, and this grace was granted him in the four months of

illness that preceded his death. In August, 1597, he was confined to bed and suffered so greatly that he could obtain no rest in any position. Yet, amidst all his pains, he exclaimed: "How much I thank you, O my God, who permittest me to resemble Jesus on the Cross." He had reached the age of seventy-six, and, after a life full of suffering and acts of charity, he exclaimed: "Ah! how many saints have laboured and suffered for Jesus Christ, and I have done nothing." On December 20th, towards evening, he begged to be left alone to make his meditation. When the Infirmarian returned he found Father Peter in his agony, and immediately summoned his confessor and the Rector, to whom the Blessed Father said: "My father, the time is short, and by the grace of God I shall soon pass to a better life. I pray you, help me to make this journey well." The following morning, December 21, 1597, having asked pardon of all, he received Holy Viaticum with the most tender feelings of faith, hope, charity, and humility, and remained for a long time in an ecstasy, filled with happiness and heavenly enjoyment of God, whom he had received into his heart and on whose breast he was about to repose for all eternity. Meantime the Fathers and a few friends entered his room, and presently Father Peter said to them: "I am going; pray to Jesus for me." Two Councillors who were present asked him to intercede for Friburg before the throne of God as soon as he entered heaven, that the city might be delivered from the plague. The dying saint promised, and from that time Friburg was freed from the plague, which had raged there several times.

As his strength by degrees grew less he remained silent, praying. From time to time, however, he was heard to repeat: "I desire to be freed from this mortal body, to be with Jesus Christ."

He received Extreme Unction with admirable devotion. Presently he turned his eyes towards the

door, smiled sweetly, and, bowing his head as if in salutation, said joyfully : " Look, look ! Hail, Mary ! Hail, Mary ! " The bystanders saw nothing, but were convinced that the Mother of God had come to conduct him to heaven, and, in fact, he expired immediately, kissing the Crucifix.

At the same moment his pale and drawn countenance became animated ; a fresh colour appeared in his cheeks and a heavenly smile on his lips. A sweet perfume filled the room, and a splendid light like a great column of fire came from heaven to rest over it.

At the news of his death the people were deeply distressed, and went in great numbers to venerate his remains. The Senate and clergy resolved to have a public funeral, and the body was removed with great ceremony to the college and buried before the High Altar, the funeral oration being preached by the Vicar-General, Sebastian Werro.

Documents signed by the Chapter of St. Nicholas and members of the Government show how highly the sanctity of Father Peter Canisius was esteemed by his contemporaries. The innumerable miracles worked at his tomb confirmed this view and encouraged the devotion to him.

The process of beatification, begun in 1659, was finished in 1864, and the Beatification was celebrated at Rome on November 20th of that year.

Let us pray constantly to Blessed Peter Canisius to obtain for us from God the conversion of our brethren who are separated from the Catholic Church, so that the unity of mind, heart, and works in this Church, left us by our Divine Redeemer, may be for all a pledge of eternal happiness.

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THE FITNESS OF THE GLORIES OF MARY

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN[1]

You may recollect, my brethren, our Lord's words when on the day of His resurrection He had joined the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, and found them sad and perplexed in consequence of His death. He said, "*Ought not* Christ to suffer these things, and so enter into His glory"? He appealed to the fitness and congruity which existed between this otherwise surprising event and the other truths which had been revealed concerning the Divine purpose of saving the world. And so, too, St. Paul, in speaking of the same wonderful appointment of God; "It *became* Him," he says, "for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, who had brought many sons unto glory, to consummate the Author of their salvation by suffering." Elsewhere, speaking of prophesying, or the exposition of what is latent in Divine truth, he bids his brethren exercise the gift, "according to the *analogy* or rule of faith"; that is, so that the doctrine preached may correspond and fit into what is already received. Thus, you see, it is a great evidence of truth, in the

[1] Reprinted from *Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations*, 1849.

case of revealed teaching, that it is so consistent, that it so hangs together, that one thing springs out of another, that each part requires and is required by the rest.

This great principle, which is exemplified so variously in the structure and history of Catholic doctrine, which will receive more and more illustrations the more carefully and minutely we examine the subject, is brought before us especially at this season, when we are celebrating the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God, into heaven. We receive it on the belief of ages; but, viewed in the light of reason, it is the *fitness* of this termination of her earthly course which so persuasively recommends it to our minds: we feel it "ought" to be; that it "becomes" her Lord and Son thus to provide for one who was so singular and special, both in herself and her relations to Him. We find that it is simply in harmony with the substance and main outlines of the doctrine of the Incarnation, and that without it Catholic teaching would have a character of incompleteness, and would disappoint our pious expectations.

Let us direct our thoughts to this subject to-day, my brethren; and with a view of helping you to do so, I will first state what the Church has taught and defined from the first ages concerning the Blessed Virgin, and then you will see how naturally the devotion which her children show her, and the praises with which they honour her, follow from it.

Now, as you know, it has been held from the first, and defined from an early age, that Mary is the Mother of God. She is not merely the Mother of our Lord's manhood, or of our Lord's body, but she is to be considered the Mother of the Word Himself, the Word incarnate. God, in the person of the Word, the Second

Person of the All-glorious Trinity, humbled Himself to become her Son. *Non horruisti Virginis uterum*, as the Church sings, "Thou didst not disdain the Virgin's womb." He took the substance of His human flesh from her, and clothed in it He lay within her; and He bore it about with Him after birth, as a sort of badge and witness that He, though God, was hers. He was nursed and tended by her; He was suckled by her; He lay in her arms. As time went on, He ministered to her, and obeyed her. He lived with her for thirty years, in one house, with an uninterrupted intercourse, and with only the saintly Joseph to share it with Him. She was the witness of His growth, of His joys, of His sorrows, of His prayers; she was blest with His smile, with the touch of His hand, with the whisper of His affection, with the expression of His thoughts and His feelings, for that length of time. Now, my brethren, what ought she to be, what is it *becoming* that she should be, who was so favoured?

Such a question was once asked by a heathen king, when he would place one of his subjects in a dignity becoming the relation in which the latter stood towards him. That subject had saved the king's life, and what was to be done to him in return? The king asked, "What should be done to the man whom the king desireth to honour?" And he received the following answer: "The man whom the king wisheth to honour ought to be clad in the king's apparel, and to be mounted on the king's saddle, and to receive the royal diadem on his head; and let the first among the king's princes and presidents hold his horse, and let him walk through the streets of the city, and say, Thus shall he be honoured, whom the king hath a mind to honour." So stands the case with Mary; she gave birth to the

Creator, and what recompense shall be made her? what shall be done to her, who had this relationship to the Most High? what shall be the fit accompaniment of one whom the Almighty has deigned to make, not His servant, not His friend, not His intimate, but His superior, the source of His second being, the nurse of His helpless infancy, the teacher of His opening years? I answer, as the king was answered: Nothing is too high for her to whom God owes His human life; no exuberance of grace, no excess of glory, but is becoming, but is to be expected there, where God has lodged Himself, whence God has issued. Let her "be clad in the king's apparel," that is, let the fulness of the Godhead so flow into her that she may be a figure of the incommunicable sanctity, and beauty, and glory, of God Himself: that she may be the Mirror of Justice, the Mystical Rose, the Tower of Ivory, the House of Gold, the Morning Star. Let her "receive the king's diadem upon her head," as the Queen of heaven, the Mother of all living, the Health of the weak, the Refuge of sinners, the Comforter of the afflicted. And "let the first amongst the king's princes walk before her," let angels and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and all saints, kiss the hem of her garment and rejoice under the shadow of her throne. Thus is it that King Solomon has risen up to meet his mother, and bowed himself unto her, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother, and she sits on his right hand.

We should be prepared, then, my brethren, to believe that the Mother of God is full of grace and glory, from the very fitness of such a dispensation, even though we had not been taught it; and this fitness will appear still more clear and certain when we contemplate the subject more steadily. Consider, then, that it has been

the ordinary rule of God's dealings with us, that personal sanctity should be the attendant upon high spiritual dignity of place or work. The angels, who, as the word imports, are God's messengers, are also perfect in holiness; "without sanctity, no one shall see God"; no defiled thing can enter the courts of heaven; and the higher its inhabitants are advanced in their ministry about the throne, the holier are they, and the more absorbed in their contemplation of that Holiness upon which they wait. The Seraphim, who immediately surround the Divine Glory, cry day and night, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts"! So is it also on earth; the prophets have ordinarily not only gifts but graces; they are not only inspired to know and to teach God's will, but inwardly converted to obey it. For surely those only can preach the truth duly who feel it personally; those only transmit it fully from God to man, who have in the transmission made it their own.

I do not say that there are no exceptions to this rule, but they admit of an easy explanation; I do not say that it never pleases Almighty God to convey any intimation of His will through bad men; of course, for all things can be made to serve Him. By all, even the wicked, He accomplishes His purposes, and by the wicked He is glorified. Our Lord's death was brought about by His enemies, who did His will, while they thought they were gratifying their own. Caiphas, who contrived and effected it, was made use of to predict it. Balaam prophesied good of God's people in an earlier age, by a Divine compulsion, when he wished to prophesy evil. This is true; but in such cases Divine Mercy is plainly overruling the evil, and manifesting His power, without recognizing or sanctioning

the instrument. And again, it is true, as He tells us Himself, that in the last day "Many shall say, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name, and in Thy Name cast out devils, and done many miracles?" and that He shall answer, "I never knew you." This, I say, is undeniable; it is undeniable first, that those who have prophesied in God's Name may *afterwards* fall from God, and lose their souls. Let a man be ever so holy now, he may fall away; and, as present grace is no pledge of perseverance, much less are present gifts; but how does this show that gifts and graces do not commonly go together? Again, it is undeniable that those who have had miraculous gifts may nevertheless have *never* been in God's favour, not even when they exercised them; as I will explain presently. But I am now speaking, not of having gifts, but of being prophets. To be a prophet is something much more personal than to possess gifts. It is a sacred office, it implies a mission, and is the high distinction, not of the enemies of God, but of His friends. Such is the Scripture rule. Who was the first prophet and preacher of justice? Enoch, who walked "by faith," and "pleased God," and was taken from a rebellious world. Who was the second? "Noe," who "condemned the world, and was made heir of the justice which is through faith." Who was the next great prophet? Moses, the lawgiver of the chosen people, who was the "meekest of all men who dwell on the earth." Samuel comes next, who served the Lord from his infancy in the Temple; and then David, who, if he fell into sin, repented, and was "a man after God's heart." And in like manner Job, Elias, Isaias, Jeremias, Daniel, and above them all St. John the Baptist, and then again St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John, and the rest, are

all especial instances of heroic virtue, and patterns to their brethren. Judas is the exception, but this was by a particular dispensation to enhance our Lord's humiliation and suffering.

Nature itself witnesses to this connection between sanctity and truth. It anticipates that the fountain from which pure doctrine comes should itself be pure ; that the seat of Divine teaching, and the oracle of faith should be the abode of angels ; that the consecrated home, in which the word of God is elaborated, and whence it issues forth for the salvation of the many, should be holy, as that word itself is holy. Here you see the difference of the office of a prophet and a mere gift, such as that of miracles. Miracles are the simple and direct work of God ; the worker of them is but an instrument or organ. And in consequence he need not be holy, because he has not, strictly speaking, a share in the work. So again the power of administering the Sacraments, which also is supernatural and miraculous, does not imply personal holiness ; nor is there anything surprising in God's giving to a bad man this gift, or the gift of miracles, any more than in His giving him any natural talent or gift, strength or agility of frame, eloquence, or medical skill. It is otherwise with the office of preaching and prophesying, and to this I have been referring ; for the truth first goes into the minds of the speakers, and is apprehended and fashioned there, and then comes out from them as, in one sense, its source and its parent. The Divine word is begotten in them, and the offspring has their features and tells of them. They are not like "the dumb animal, speaking with man's voice," on which Balaam rode, a mere instrument of God's word, but they have "received an unction from the Holy One,

and they know all things," and "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"; and while they deliver what they have received, they enforce what they feel and know." "We have *known and believed*," says St. John, "the charity which God hath to us."

So has it been all through the history of the Church; Moses does not write as David; nor Isaias as Jeremias; nor St. John as St. Paul. And so of the great doctors of the Church, St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Leo, St. Thomas, each has his own manner, each speaks his own words, though he speaks the while the words of God. They speak from themselves, they speak in their own persons, they speak from the heart, from their own experience, with their own arguments, with their own deductions, with their own modes of expression. Now can you fancy, my brethren, such hearts, such feelings to be unholy? How could it be so, without defiling, and thereby nullifying, the word of God? If one drop of corruption makes the purest water worthless, as the slightest savour of bitterness spoils the most delicate viands, how can it be that the word of truth and holiness can proceed profitably from impure lips and an earthly heart? No; as is the tree, so is the fruit. "Beware of false prophets," says our Lord; and then He adds, "From their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Is it not so, my brethren? Which of you would go to ask counsel of another, however learned, however gifted, however aged, if you thought him unholy? Nay, though you feel and are sure, as far as absolution goes, that a bad priest could give it as really as a holy priest, yet for advice, for comfort, for instruction, you would not go to one whom you did not respect. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the

mouth speaketh"; "a good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good, and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil."

So, then, is it in the case of the soul; but, as regards the Blessed Mary, a further thought suggests itself. She has no chance place in the Divine Dispensation; the Word of God did not merely come to her and go from her; He did not pass through her, as He visits us in Holy Communion. It was no heavenly body which the Eternal Son assumed, fashioned by the angels, and brought down to this lower world: no; He imbibed, He absorbed into His Divine Person her blood and the substance of her flesh, by becoming man of her. He received her lineaments and features, as the appropriate character in which He was to manifest Himself to mankind. The child is like the parent, and we may well suppose that by His likeness to her was manifested her relationship to Him. Her sanctity comes, not only of her being His mother, but also of His being her son. "If the first fruit be holy," says St. Paul, "the mass also is holy; if the mass be holy, so are the branches." And hence the titles which we are accustomed to give her. He is the Wisdom of God, she therefore is the Seat of Wisdom; His Presence is Heaven, she therefore is the Gate of Heaven; He is infinite Mercy, she then is the Mother of Mercy. She is the Mother of "fair love and fear, and knowledge and holy hope"; is it wonderful, then, that she has left behind her in the Church below "an odour like cinnamon and balm, and sweetness like to choice myrrh"?

Such, then, is the truth ever cherished in the deep heart of the Church, and witnessed by the keen apprehension of her children, that no limits but those proper to a creature can be assigned to the

sanctity of Mary. Therefore, did Abraham believe that a son should be born to him of his aged wife? then Mary's faith must be held as greater when she accepted Gabriel's message. Did Judith consecrate her widowhood to God to the surprise of her people? much more did Mary, from her first youth, devote her virginity. Did Samuel, when a child, inhabit the Temple, secluded from the world? Mary too was by her parents lodged in the same holy precincts, even at the age when children first can choose between good and evil. Was Solomon on his birth called "dear to the Lord"? and shall not the destined Mother of God be dear to Him from the moment she was born? But further still; St. John the Baptist was sanctified by the Spirit before his birth; shall Mary be only equal to him? is it not fitting that her privilege should surpass his? is it wonderful, if grace, which anticipated his birth by three months, should in her case run up to the very first moment of her being, outstrip the imputation of sin, and be beforehand with the usurpation of Satan? Mary must surpass all the saints; the very fact that certain privileges are known to have been theirs persuades us, almost from the necessity of the case, that she had the same and higher. Her conception was immaculate, in order that she might surpass all saints in the date as well as the fulness of her sanctification.

But in a festive season, my dear brethren, I must not weary you with argument, when we should offer specially to the Blessed Virgin the homage of our love and loyalty; yet, let me finish as I have begun;—I will be brief, but bear with me if I view her bright Assumption, as I have viewed her immaculate purity, rather as a point of doctrine than as a theme for devotion.

It was surely fitting, then, it was becoming, that she should be taken up into heaven and not lie in the grave till Christ's second coming, who had passed a life of sanctity and of miracle such as hers. All the works of God are in a beautiful harmony ; they are carried on to the end as they begin. This is the difficulty which men of the world find in believing miracles at all ; they think these break the order and consistency of God's visible word, not knowing that they do but subserve a higher order of things, and introduce a supernatural perfection. But at least, my brethren, when one miracle is wrought, it may be expected to draw others after it for the completion of what is begun. Miracles must be wrought for some great end ; and if the course of things fell back again into a natural order before its termination, how could we but feel a disappointment ? and if we were told that this certainly was to be, how could we but judge the information improbable and difficult to believe ?

Now this applies to the history of our Lady. I say, it would be a greater miracle if, her life being what it was, her death was like that of other men, than if it were such as to correspond to her life. Who can conceive, my brethren, that God should so repay the debt, which He condescended to owe to His Mother, for the elements of His human body, as to allow the flesh and blood from which it was taken to moulder in the grave ? Do the sons of men thus deal with their mothers ? do they not nourish and sustain them in their feebleness, and keep them in life while they are able ? Or who can conceive that that virginal frame, which never sinned, was to undergo the death of a sinner ? Why should she share the curse of Adam, who had no share in his fall. "Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return," was

the sentence upon sin ; she, then, who was not a sinner, fitly never saw corruption. She died, then, as we hold, because even our Lord and Saviour died ; she died, as she suffered, because she was in this world, because she was in a state of things in which suffering and death are the rule. She lived under their external sway ; and, as she obeyed Cæsar by coming for enrolment to Bethlehem, so did she, when God willed it, yield to the tyranny of death, and was dissolved into soul and body, as well as others. But though she died as well as others, she died not as others die ; for, through the merits of her Son, by whom she was what she was, by the grace of Christ which in her had anticipated sin, which had filled her with light, which had purified her flesh from all defilement, she was also saved from disease and malady, and all that weakens and decays the bodily frame. Original sin had not been found in her, by the wear of her senses, and the waste of her frame, and the decrepitude of years, propagating death. She died, but her death was a mere fact, not an effect ; and, when it was over, it ceased to be. She died that she might live, she died as a matter of form or (as I may call it) an observance, in order to fulfil, what is called, the debt of nature,—not primarily for herself or because of sin, but to submit herself to her condition, to glorify God, to do what her Son did ; not, however, as her Son and Saviour, with any suffering for any special end ; not with a martyr's death, for her martyrdom had been in living ; not as an atonement, for man could not make it, and One had made it, and made it for all ; but in order to finish her course, and to receive her crown.

And therefore she died in private. It became Him, who died for the world, to die in the world's sight ; it

became the Great Sacrifice to be lifted up on high, as a light that could not be hid. But she, the lily of Eden, who had always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she had lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering ; there were persecutions, there was fleeing from place to place, there were martyrs, there were triumphs ; at length the rumour spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth. Pilgrims went to and fro ; they sought for her relics, but they found them not ; did she die at Ephesus, or did she die at Jerusalem ? Reports varied ; but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if it was found, it was open ; and instead of her pure and fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth which she had touched. So inquirers went home marvelling, and waiting for further light. And then it was said, how that when her dissolution was at hand, and her soul was to pass in triumph before the judgement-seat of her Son, the Apostles were suddenly gathered together in the place, even in the Holy City, to bear part in the joyful ceremonial ; how that they buried her with fitting rites ; how that the third day, when they came to the tomb, they found it empty, and angelic choirs with their glad voices were heard singing day and night the glories of their risen Queen. But, however we feel towards the details of this history (nor is there anything in it which will be unwelcome or difficult to piety), so much cannot be doubted, from the consent of the whole Catholic world and the revelations made to holy souls, that, as is befitting, she is, soul and body, with her Son and God in heaven, and that

we are enabled to celebrate, not only her death, but her Assumption.

And now, my dear brethren, what is befitting in us, if all that I have been telling you is befitting in Mary? If the Mother of Emmanuel ought to be the first of creatures in sanctity and in beauty; if it became her to be free from all sin from the very first, and from the moment she received her first grace to begin to merit more; and if such as was her beginning, such was her end, her conception immaculate and her death an assumption; if she died, but revived, and is exalted on high; what is befitting in the children of such a Mother, but an imitation, in their measure, of her devotion, her meekness, her simplicity, her modesty, and her sweetness? Her glories are not only for the sake of her Son, they are for our sakes also. Let us copy her faith, who received God's message by the angel without a doubt; her patience, who endured St. Joseph's surprise without a word; her obedience, who went up to Bethlehem in the winter and bore our Lord in a stable; her meditative spirit, who pondered in her heart what she saw and heard about Him; her fortitude, whose heart the sword went through; her self-surrender, who gave Him up during His ministry and consented to His death.

Above all, let us imitate her purity, who, rather than relinquish her virginity, was willing to lose Him for a Son. Oh, my dear children, young men and young women, what need have you of the intercession of the Virgin Mother, of her help, of her pattern, in this respect! What shall bring you forward in the narrow way, if you live in the world, but the thought and patronage of Mary? What shall seal your senses,

what shall tranquillize your heart, when sights and sounds of danger are around you, but Mary? What shall give you patience and endurance, when you are wearied out with the length of the conflict with evil, with the unceasing necessity of precautions, with the irksomeness of observing them, with the tediousness of their repetition, with the strain upon your mind, with your forlorn and cheerless condition, but a loving communion with her? She will comfort you in your discouragements, solace you in your fatigues, raise you after your falls, reward you for your successes. She will show you her Son, your God and your all. When your spirit within you is excited, or relaxed, or depressed, when it loses its balance, when it is restless and wayward, when it is sick of what it has, and hankers after what it has not, when your eye is solicited with evil and your mortal frame trembles under the shadow of the tempter, what will bring you to yourselves, to peace and to health, but the cool breath of the Immaculate and the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon? It is the boast of the Catholic religion, that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus Christ for our food, and Mary for our nursing Mother? Fulfil this boast in yourselves; prove to the world that you are following no false teaching, vindicate the glory of your Mother Mary, whom the world blasphemes, in the very face of the world, by the simplicity of your own deportment, and the sanctity of your words and deeds. Go to her for the royal heart of innocence. She is the beautiful gift of God, which outshines the fascinations of a bad world, and which no one ever sought in sincerity and was disappointed. She is the personal type and repre-

sentative image of that spiritual life and renovation in grace, "without which no one shall see God." "Her spirit is sweeter than honey, and her heritage than the honeycomb. They that eat her shall yet be hungry, and they that drink her shall still thirst. Whoso hearkeneth to her shall not be confounded, and they that work by her shall not sin."

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THE GLORIES OF MARY FOR THE SAKE OF HER SON

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN[1]

We know, my brethren, that in the natural world nothing is superfluous, nothing incomplete, nothing independent; but part answers to part, and all details combine to form one mighty whole. Order and harmony are among the first perfections which we discern in this visible creation; and the more we examine into it, the more widely and minutely they are found to belong to it. "All things are double," says the Wise Man, "one against another; and He hath made nothing defective." It is the very character and definition of "the heavens and the earth," as contrasted with the void or chaos which preceded them, that everything is now subjected to fixed laws; and every motion, and influence, and effect can be accounted for, and, were our knowledge sufficient, could be anticipated. Moreover, it is plain, on the other hand, that it is only in proportion to our observation and our research that this truth becomes apparent; for though a number of things even at first sight are seen to proceed according to an established and beautiful order, yet in other

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instances the law to which they are conformed is with difficulty discovered; and the words "chance," and "hazard," and "fortune," have come into use as expressions of our ignorance. Accordingly, you may fancy rash and irreligious minds who are engaged day after day in the business of the world, suddenly looking out into the heavens or upon the earth, and criticizing the great Architect, arguing that there are creatures in existence which are rude or defective in their constitution, and asking questions which would but evidence their want of scientific education.

The case is the same as regards the supernatural world. The great truths of Revelation are all connected together and form a whole. Every one can see this in a measure even at a glance, but to understand the full consistency and harmony of Catholic teaching requires study and meditation. Hence, as philosophers of this world bury themselves in museums and laboratories, descend into mines, or wander among woods or on the sea-shore, so the inquirer into heavenly truths dwells in the cell and the oratory, pouring forth his heart in prayer, collecting his thoughts in meditation, dwelling on the idea of Jesus, or of Mary, or of grace, or of eternity, and pondering the words of holy men who have gone before him, till before his mental sight arises the hidden wisdom of the perfect, "which God predestined before the world unto our glory," and which He "reveals unto them by His Spirit." And, as ignorant men may dispute the beauty and harmony of the visible creation, so men, who for six days in the week are absorbed in worldly toil, who live for wealth, or name, or self-indulgence, or profane knowledge, and do but give their leisure moments to the thought of religion, never raising their souls to God, never

asking for His enlightening grace, never chastening their hearts and bodies, never steadily contemplating the objects of faith, but judging hastily and peremptorily according to their private views or the humour of the hour; such men, I say, in like manner, may easily, or will for certain, be surprised and shocked at portions of revealed truth, as if strange, or harsh, or extreme, or inconsistent, and will in whole or in part reject it.

I am going to apply this remark to the subject of the prerogatives with which the Church invests the Blessed Mother of God. They are startling and difficult to those whose imagination is not accustomed to them, and whose reason has not reflected on them; but the more carefully and religiously they are dwelt on, the more, I am sure, will they be found essential to the Catholic faith, and integral to the worship of Christ. This simply is the point which I shall insist on—disputable indeed by aliens from the Church, but most clear to her children—that the glories of Mary are for the sake of Jesus; and that we praise and bless her as the first of creatures, that we may duly confess Him as our sole Creator.

When the Eternal Word decreed to come on earth, He did not purpose, He did not work, by halves; but He came to be a man like any of us, to take a human soul and body, and to make them His own. He did not come in a mere apparent or accidental form, as angels appear to men; nor did He merely overshadow an existing man, as He overshadows His saints, and call Him by the name of God; but He "was made flesh." He attached to Himself a manhood, and became as really and truly man as He was God, so that henceforth He was both God and man, or, in other words, He was One Person in two natures, divine

and human. This is a mystery so marvellous, so difficult, that faith alone firmly receives it; the natural man may receive it for a while, may think he receives it, but never really receives it; begins, as soon as he has professed it, secretly to rebel against it, evades it, or revolts from it. This he has done from the first; even in the lifetime of the beloved disciple men arose who said that our Lord had no body at all, or a body framed in the heavens, or that He did not suffer, but another suffered in His stead, or that He was but for a time possessed of the human form which was born and which suffered, coming into it at its baptism, and leaving it before its crucifixion, or, again, that He was a mere man. That "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," was too hard a thing for the unregenerate reason.

The case is the same at this day; mere Protestants have seldom any real perception of the doctrine of God and man in one Person. They speak in a dreamy, shadowy way of Christ's divinity; but, when their meaning is sifted, you will find them very slow to commit themselves to any statement sufficient to express the Catholic dogma. They will tell you at once, that the subject is not to be inquired into, for that it is impossible to inquire into it at all without being technical and subtile. Then, when they comment on the Gospels, they will speak of Christ, not simply and consistently as God, but as a being made up of God and man, partly one and partly the other, or between both, or as a man inhabited by a special Divine presence. Sometimes they even go on to deny that He was in heaven the Son of God, saying that He became the Son when He was conceived of the Holy

Ghost; and they are shocked, and think it a mark both of reverence and good sense to be shocked, when they hear the Man spoken of simply and plainly as God. They cannot bear to have it said, except as a figure or mode of speaking, that God had a human body, or that God suffered; they think that the "Atonement," and "Sanctification through the Spirit," as they speak, is the sum and substance of the Gospel, and they are shy of any dogmatic expression which goes beyond them. Such, I believe, is the ordinary character of the Protestant notions among us as to the divinity of Christ, whether among members of the Anglican communion, or dissenters from it, excepting a small remnant of them.

Now, if you would witness against these unchristian opinions, if you would bring out distinctly and beyond mistake and evasion, the simple idea of the Catholic Church that God is man, could you do it better than by laying down in St. John's words that "God *became* man"? and again could you express this more emphatically and unequivocally than by declaring that He was *born* a man, or that He had a *Mother*? The world allows that God *is* man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks from confessing that God is the Son of Mary. It shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which violates and shatters its own unbelieving view of things; the revealed doctrine forthwith takes its true shape, and receives an historical reality; and the Almighty is introduced into His own world at a certain time and in a definite way. Dreams are broken and shadows depart; the Divine truth is no longer a poetical expression, or a devotional exaggeration, or a mystical economy, or a mythical

representation. "Sacrifice and offering," the shadows of the Law, "Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou fitted to Me." "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have diligently looked upon, and our hands have handled, that which we have seen and have heard, declare we unto you";—such is the record of the Apostle, in opposition to those "spirits" which denied that "Jesus Christ had appeared in the flesh," and which "dissolved" Him by denying either His human nature or His divine. And the confession that Mary is *Deipara*, or the Mother of God, is that safeguard wherewith we seal up and secure the doctrine of the Apostle from all evasion, and that test whereby we detect all the pretences of those bad spirits of "Antichrist which have gone out into the world." It declares that He is God; it implies that He is man; it suggests to us that He is God still, though He has become man, and that He is true man though He is God. By witnessing to the *process* of the union, it secures the reality of the two *subjects* of the union, of the divinity and of the manhood. If Mary is the Mother of God, Christ must be literally Emmanuel, God with us. And hence it was, that, when time went on, and the bad spirits and false prophets grew stronger and bolder, and found a way into the Catholic body itself, then the Church, guided by God, could find no more effectual and sure way of expelling them than that of using this word *Deipara* against them; and, on the other hand, when they came up again from the realms of darkness, and plotted the utter overthrow of Christian faith in the sixteenth century, then they could find no more certain expedient for their hateful purpose than that of reviling and

blaspheming the prerogatives of Mary, for they knew full well that, if they could once get the world to dishonour the Mother, the dishonour of the Son would follow close. The Church and Satan agreed together in this, that Son and Mother went together ; and the experience of three centuries has confirmed their testimony, for Catholics who have honoured the Mother still worship the Son, while Protestants, who now have ceased to confess the Son, began then by scoffing at the Mother.

You see, then, my brethren, in this particular, the harmonious consistency of the revealed system, and the bearing of one doctrine upon another ; Mary is exalted for the sake of Jesus. It was fitting that she, as being a creature, though the first of creatures, should have an office of ministration. She, as others, came into the world to do a work, she had a mission to fulfil ; her grace and her glory are not for her own sake, but for her Maker's ; and to her is committed the custody of the Incarnation ; this is her appointed office,—"A Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and they shall call His Name Emmanuel." As she was once on earth, and was personally the guardian of her Divine Child, as she carried Him in her womb, folded Him in her embrace, and suckled Him at her breast, so now, and to the latest hour of the Church, do her glories and the devotion paid her proclaim and define the right faith concerning Him as God and man. Every church which is dedicated to her, every altar which is raised under her invocation, every image which represents her, every litany in her praise, every Hail Mary for her continual memory, does but remind us that there was One who, though He was all-blessed from all eternity, yet for the sake of sinners "did not

shrink from the Virgin's womb." Thus she is the *Turris Davidica*, as the Church calls her, "the Tower of David"; the high and strong defence of the King of the true Israel; and hence the Church also addresses her in the antiphon as having "alone destroyed all heresies in the whole world."

And here, my brethren, a fresh thought opens upon us, which is naturally implied in what has been said. If the *Deipara* is to witness of Emmanuel, she must be necessarily more than the *Deipara*. For consider; a defence must be strong in order to be a defence; a tower must be, like that Tower of David, "built with bulwarks"; "a thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the armour of valiant men." It would not have sufficed, in order to bring out and impress on us the idea that God is man, had His Mother been an ordinary person. A mother without a home in the Church, without dignity, without gifts, would have been, as far as the defence of the Incarnation goes, no mother at all. She would not have remained in the memory, or the imagination of men. If she is to witness and remind the world that God became man, she must be on a high and eminent station for the purpose. She must be made to fill the mind, in order to suggest the lesson. When she once attracts our attention, then, and not till then, she begins to preach Jesus. "Why should she have such prerogatives," we ask, "unless He be God? and what must He be by nature, when she is so high by grace?" This is why she has other prerogatives besides, namely, the gifts of personal purity and intercessory power, distinct from her maternity; she is personally endowed that she may perform her office well; she is exalted in herself that she may minister to Christ.

For this reason, she has been made more glorious in her person than in her office; her purity is a higher gift than her relationship to God. This is what is implied in Christ's answer to the woman in the crowd, who cried out, when He was preaching, "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee, and the breasts which Thou has sucked." He replied by pointing out to His disciples a higher blessedness; "Yea, rather, blessed," He said, "are they who hear the word of God and keep it." You know, my brethren, that Protestants take these words in disparagement of our Lady's greatness, but they really tell the other way. For consider them; He lays down a principle, that it is more blessed to keep His commandments than to be His Mother; but who, even of Protestants, will say that she did *not* keep His commandments? She kept them surely, and our Lord does but say that such obedience was in a higher line of privilege than her being His Mother; she was more blessed in her detachment from creatures, in her devotion to God, in her virginal purity, in her fulness of grace, than in her maternity. This is the constant teaching of the Holy Fathers: "More blessed was Mary," says St. Augustine, "in receiving Christ's faith, than in conceiving Christ's flesh"; and St. Chrysostom declares, that she would not have been blessed, though she had borne Him in the body, had she not heard the word of God and kept it. This, of course, is an impossible case; for she was made holy, that she might be made His Mother, and the two blessednesses cannot be divided. She who was chosen to supply flesh and blood to the Eternal Word, was first filled with grace in soul and body; still, she had a double blessedness, of office and of qualification for it, and the latter was the greater.

And it is on this account that the Angel calls her blessed ; "*Full of grace*," he says, "Blessed among women" ; and St. Elizabeth also, when she cries out, "Blessed thou that hast *believed*." Nay, she herself bears a like testimony, when the Angel announced to her the high favour which was coming on her. Though all Jewish women in each successive age had been hoping to be Mother of the Christ, so that marriage was honourable among them, childlessness a reproach, she alone had put aside the desire and the thought of so great a dignity. She, who was to bear the Christ, gave no welcome to the great announcement that she was to bear Him ; and why did she thus act towards it ? because she had been inspired, the first of womankind, to dedicate her virginity to God, and she did not welcome a privilege which seemed to involve a forfeiture of her vow. "How shall this be," she asked, "seeing I am to live separate from man ?" Nor, till the Angel told her that the conception would be miraculous and from the Holy Ghost, did she put aside her "trouble" of mind, recognize him securely as God's messenger, and bow her head in awe and thankfulness to God's condescension.

Mary, then, is a specimen, and more then a specimen, in the purity of her soul and body, of what man was before his fall, and what he would have been, had he risen to his full perfection. It had been hard, it had been a victory for the Evil One, had the whole race passed away, nor any one instance in it occurred to show what the Creator had intended it to be in its original state. Adam, you know, was created in the image and after the likeness of God ; his frail and imperfect nature, stamped with a Divine seal, was supported and exalted by an indwelling of Divine grace. Impetuous

passion did not exist in him, except as a latent element and a possible evil ; ignorance was dissipated by the clear light of the Spirit ; and reason, sovereign over every motion of his soul, was simply subjected to the will of God. Nay, even his body was preserved from every wayward appetite and affection, and was promised immortality instead of dissolution. Thus he was in a supernatural state ; and, had he not sinned, year after year would he have advanced in merit and grace, and in God's favour, till he passed from paradise to heaven. But he fell ; and his descendants were born in his likeness ; and the world grew worse instead of better, and judgement after judgement cut off generations of sinners in vain, and improvement was hopeless ; " because man was flesh," and, " the thoughts of his heart were bent upon evil at all times."

However, a remedy had been determined in heaven ; a Redeemer was at hand ; God was about to do a great work, and He purposed to do it suitably ; " where sin abounded, grace was to abound more." Kings of the earth, when they have sons born to them, forthwith scatter some large bounty, or raise some high memorial ; they honour the day, or the place, or the heralds of the auspicious event, with some corresponding mark of favour ; nor did the coming of Emmanuel innovate on the world's established custom. It was a season of grace and prodigy, and these were to be exhibited in a special manner in the person of His Mother. The course of ages was to be reversed ; the tradition of evil was to be broken ; a gate of light was to be opened amid the darkness, for the coming of the Just ;—a Virgin conceived and bore Him. It was fitting, for His honour and glory, that she, who was the instrument of His bodily presence, should

first be a miracle of His grace ; it was fitting that she should triumph, where Eve had failed, and should "bruise the serpent's head" by the spotlessness of her sanctity. In some respects, indeed, the curse was not reversed ; Mary came into a fallen world, and resigned herself to its laws ; she, as also the Son she bore, was exposed to pain of soul and body, she was subjected to death ; but she was not put under the power of sin. As grace was infused into Adam from the first moment of his creation, so that he never had experience of his natural poverty, till sin reduced him to it ; so was grace given from the first in still ampler measure to Mary, and she never incurred, in fact, Adam's deprivation. She began where others end, whether in knowledge or in love. She was from the first clothed in sanctity, destined for perseverance, luminous and glorious in God's sight, and incessantly employed in meritorious acts, which continued till her last breath. Hers was emphatically "the path of the just, which, as the shining light, goeth forward and increaseth even to the perfect day" ; and sinlessness in thought, word, and deed, in small things as well as great, in venial matters as well as grievous, is surely but the natural and obvious sequel of such a beginning. If Adam might have kept himself from sin in his first state, much more shall we expect immaculate perfection in Mary.

Such is her prerogative of sinless perfection, and it is, as her maternity, for the sake of Emmanuel ; hence she answered the Angel's salutation, *Gratia plena*, with the humble acknowledgement, *Ecce ancilla Domini*, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." And like to this is her third prerogative, which follows both from her maternity and from her purity, and which I will

mention as completing the enumeration of her glories. I mean her intercessory power. For, if "God heareth not sinners, but if a man be a worshipper of Him, and do His will, him He heareth"; if "the continual prayer of a just man availeth much"; if faithful Abraham was required to pray for Abimelech, "for he was a prophet"; if patient Job was to "pray for his friends," for he had "spoken right things before God"; if meek Moses, by lifting up his hands, turned the battle in favour of Israel against Amalec; why should we wonder at hearing that Mary, the only spotless child of Adam's seed, has a transcendent influence with the God of grace? And if the Gentiles at Jerusalem sought Philip, because he was an Apostle, when they desired access to Jesus, and Philip spoke to Andrew, as still more closely in our Lord's confidence, and then both came to Him, is it strange that the Mother should have power with the Son, distinct in kind from that of the purest angel and the most triumphant saint? If we have faith to admit the Incarnation itself, we must admit it in its fulness; why then should we start at the gracious appointments which arise out of it, or are necessary to it, or are included in it? If the Creator comes on earth in the form of a servant and a creature, why may not His Mother, on the other hand, rise to be the Queen of heaven, and be clothed with the sun, and have the moon under her feet?

I am not proving these doctrines to you, my brethren; the evidence of them lies in the declaration of the Church. The Church is the oracle of religious truth, and dispenses what the Apostles committed to her in every time and place. We must take her word, then, without proof, because she is sent to us from God

to teach us how to please Him; and that we do so is the test whether we be really Catholics or no. I am not proving, then, what you already receive, but I am showing you the beauty and the harmony, in one out of many instances, of the Church's teaching; which are so well adapted, as they are divinely intended, to recommend that teaching to the inquirer and to endear it to her children. One word more, and I have done; I have shown you how full of meaning are the truths themselves which the Church teaches concerning the Most Blessed Virgin, and now consider how full of meaning also has been the Church's dispensation of them.

You will find, that, in this respect, as in Mary's prerogatives themselves, there is the same careful reference to the glory of Him who gave them to her. You know, when first He went out to preach, she kept apart from Him; she interfered not with His work; and, even when He was gone up on high, yet she, a woman, went not out to preach or teach, she seated not herself in the Apostolic chair, she took no part in the priest's office; she did but humbly seek her Son in the daily Mass of those, who, though her ministers in heaven, were her superiors in the Church on earth. Nor, when she and they had left this lower scene, and she was a Queen upon her Son's right hand, not even then did she ask of Him to publish her name to the ends of the world, or to hold her up to the world's gaze, but she remained waiting for the time, when her own glory should be necessary for His. He indeed had been from the very first proclaimed by Holy Church, and enthroned in His temple, for He was God; ill had it beseemed the living Oracle of Truth to have withholden from the faithful the very

object of their adoration; but it was otherwise with Mary. It became her, as a creature, a mother, and a woman, to stand aside and make way for the Creator, to minister to her Son, and to win her way into the world's homage by sweet and gracious persuasion. So when His name was dishonoured, then it was that she did Him service; when Emmanuel was denied, then the mother of God (as it were) came forward; when heretics said that God was not incarnate, then was the time for her own honours. And then, when as much as this had been accomplished, she had done with strife; she fought not for herself. No fierce controversy, no persecuted confessors, no heresiarch, no anathema, were necessary for her gradual manifestation; as she had increased day by day in grace and merit at Nazareth, while the world knew not of her, so has she raised herself aloft silently, and has grown into her place in the Church by a tranquil influence and a natural process. She was as some fair tree, stretching forth her fruitful branches and her fragrant leaves, and overshadowing the territory of the saints. And thus the antiphon speaks of her: "Let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thine inheritance in Israel, and *strike thy roots* in My elect." Again, "And so in Sion was I established, and in the holy city I likewise rested, and in Jerusalem was my power. And I *took root* in an honourable people, and in the glorious company of the saints was I *detained*. I was exalted like a cedar in Lebanus, and as a cypress in Mount Sion; I have stretched out my branches as the terebinth, and my branches are of honour and grace." Thus was she reared without hands, and gained a modest victory, and exerts a gentle sway, which she has not claimed. When dispute arose about her

among her children, she hushed it ; when objections were urged against her, she waived her claims and waited ; till now, in this very day, should God so will, she will win at length her most radiant crown, and, without opposing voice, and amid the jubilation of the whole Church, she will be hailed as immaculate in her conception.

Such art thou, Holy Mother, in the creed and in the worship of the Church, the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion. In thee, O Mary, is fulfilled, as we can bear it, an original purpose of the Most High. He once had meant to come on earth in heavenly glory, but we sinned ; and then He could not safely visit us, except with a shrouded radiance and a bedimmed Majesty, for He was God. So He came Himself in weakness, not in power ; and He sent thee, a creature, in His stead, with a creature's comeliness and lustre suited to our state. And now thy very face and form, dear Mother, speak to us of the Eternal ; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day ! O hope of the pilgrim ! lead us still as thou hast led ; in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to our Lord Jesus, guide us home.

Maria, mater gratiæ,
Dulcis parens clementiæ,
Tu nos ab hoste protege
Et mortis horâ suscipe.

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Visiting the Captive.

PADRE GIOVANNI.*

THE way in which I made the acquaintance of Padre Giovanni was this. My twin sisters and I had taken up our abode in one of the Castelli of the Provincia Romana. There were excellent reasons for this, though many might wonder what could induce three English people to establish themselves in such a place.

Mary, Hilda, and I had been wanderers on the Continent and in the East for many years, as we were agreed in liking to see new places: our home had been broken up at the death of our widowed mother when we were in our teens.

We had come to Rome in the course of our wanderings, and, needless to say, the one visit made us long to return; but the climate did not suit Mary, the elder twin. So hearing of an artist and his wife who wished to sublet their apartment in the Castello, which I shall call Manalfi, we decided to take it, and as it was only eighteen miles from Rome, we could go in to the Eternal City whenever we wished. Altogether the life suited us, for we were very

* The main incidents of this story are true.

independent of society, and our Roman friends used to exchange visits with us pretty often.

Hilda was a very energetic walker. When weather prevented her walking, she found plenty of occupation indoors, for she was a great embroiderer, and always had some vestment or other on hand, destined to adorn one of her High Church parsons. She was a good girl, and she and her sister would have been the best of friends but for the fact that Mary was as Low Church as Hilda was High, and they seldom seemed able to let each other alone. Each—knowing my agnostic tendencies—tried to convert me to her way of thinking, but in vain.

One day I had walked to Varemo with my drawing things, as I wanted to make a sketch of the village street there. The clouds had gathered as I walked along, and now forming a black canopy over my head, and the growl of thunder quickly falling on my ears. It was late autumn, and the vines had still many leaves, yellow, brown and golden. The weather had been very hot and sultry, though the sirocco, of which we had had so much in September, had passed away. A tremendous crash came just as I approached the domed church, which was set above a short wide avenue of very old olive-trees. At the door of the little presbytery which adjoined it, stood the *parocco* (parish priest), whom I knew by sight and by name.

"Won't you come in out of the storm?" said Padre Giovanni, smiling a welcome as he threw open the door. "You are English, is it not so?"

"Yes I am, Padre," I answered, "and I shall be very glad to take advantage of your offer. This is a storm indeed!"

I followed him into his little bare parlour. By the side of

the door was a small water-stoup, and a few highly coloured pictures of the Blessed Virgin, and of some saints whose names I did not know, were on the walls.

We talked of the weather, of the harm the summer rains had done to the vines, the consequent poverty and kindred topics; and he complimented me on my knowledge of Italian.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I should be a fool if I did not speak it fairly well, Padre," I replied, "for my mother was brought up in Italy, and when I was young she taught me the language."

The thunder continued to growl and crash, and flashes of blue and yellow lightning flared in our faces. The Padre got up and lighted two thin wax candles and placed them before his Madonna.

"They are blessed," said he, "and it is our pious custom to burn them in storms."

I bowed. It was a poetical idea and commended itself to my artistic temperament, but as for believing a couple of candles could protect us from the storms of heaven! I smiled to myself at the idea. My thoughts were read, rather to my discomfiture.

"You are no doubt Protestant?" said the Padre.

"No, I am not. I am nothing. I don't even assume the negative attitude of protesting against anything. Among all the sects which are squabbling together, in the so-called churches which seem houses divided against themselves, how can any one discover the Truth, if there is any?"

The Padre looked grave. He reflected a little before he spoke.

"I have always been a Catholic and my forefathers

before me, so I cannot quite understand what it must be to be outside the Church. I have experienced what the Church can do for her children. I am sorry for any one who is not a Catholic."

"Are you? Well, Padre, I am happy as I am and want no one's pity," I answered, as his simple words fell on my ear and rather annoyed me. Had he been a clever or very intellectual man I should have enjoyed a good argument with him, but he seemed just a pious priest, who probably knew little beyond his breviary, and had little acquaintance with the great questions over which I had cudgelled my brains at Oxford, or with the controversies, the wars among creeds and sects, which had ended in my placing myself outside them all.

The Padre looked at me steadily.

"It is strange that, as the subject interests you, you should not at least have tried to find out what our Church really teaches. As a matter of historical fact, she can show on what her claim to be the Church of Christ rests."

"I have never troubled myself about the doctrines of your Church," I admitted, "for I never for one moment imagined truth could be found there. Excuse me if I am quite frank with you," I continued.

"Certainly! We need not quarrel though we disagree," said Padre Giovanni. "I believe Protestants—your parents were doubtless Protestants?" he inquired, and I bowed in assent—"teach as truth a great deal about our holy religion which is untrue. They do not mean to be so wicked. Let us hope God will forgive them their sins of ignorance."

"Very well, then, He will forgive me; for agnostic as I

am, I believe there is a Supreme Being," I answered lightly, but I saw a grave look on the Padre's face.

"You are living in a Catholic country now; you see the practical working of the Church on all sides; you are a man of education, evidently; can you not read and instruct yourself and learn what the Church has to say in defence of her doctrines, and in explanation of her practices?"

"I suppose I could," I answered, feeling myself in a corner; the priest was a better match for me than I had expected.

Then he went on talking very earnestly, and yet with great simplicity, about the Church. Her oneness—shown by all her members being of the same faith—her holiness, her catholicity. He told me, too, that all he was saying was what was taught to every little Catholic child in the Church schools. He said the deepest books of theology were but an elaboration of the simple "dottrina" found in the catechism.

"It all sounds very beautiful in the abstract," I said, "but it is in the working out of the creed that I could never sympathize"; and I glanced at the thin flames of the candles, which were artistically effective in the darkness of the afternoon. The poor little room, the interesting face before me, struck my fancy.

"All these little devotions are so many flowers of our holy religion," said the Padre; "they are not essentials, as you probably think they are. On the Feast of the Purification, candles are blessed before the mass of the day, and——"

"An old [pagan] custom of using candles in procession

at that time of year," I said ; and I thought I had him there, for I referred to the ancient Festival of Lupercalia.

Padre Giovanni smiled. "Exactly ; the Church took a great many pagan customs and supernaturalized them, knowing quite well that it was a wise and good thing to do—votive offerings, for example, and many other things. They are none the worse for that! As for blessed candles, they remind us that our Saviour, Himself the Light of the world, appeared for the first time on that day in the Temple. The candles have had the prayers of the Church —such beautiful prayers! and when we light them in a storm or time of danger it is as an outward sign of the prayers our hearts are lifting to God or His Holy Mother."

All this rather bored me, and my thoughts wandered as well as my eyes. The latter fell on a very badly done photograph of a man and a little waxen Gesù Bambino lying in straw under a glass case, which stood on a table covered with an orange coloured table-cloth.

To turn the conversation I asked if the man were one of the Padre's parishioners.

A sad expression came into the Padre's face, which was already of a peculiarly serious stamp. The features were refined, the dark eyes full of expression, and the mouth showed great sensitiveness. He looked about sixty and his hair was nearly white.

"He *was* one of my parishioners," said Padre Giovanni. "Ah, indeed, his case is a sad one," he continued.

"You say *is*—is he living, then?"

"Yes. He is in prison. Would you like to hear the story?"

"I should, very much," I said, as I pulled out my pipe with the good Padre's leave; he did not smoke, he said. "I should imagine," I said, "that even in this remote country place strange stories come to your ears, and that you are brought into contact with queer folk. In these parts the people seem very rough—almost savage. Excuse my criticizing them so severely," I added.

Padre Giovanni smiled. "I agree with you, they are a rough lot. But they would be very much worse than they are were it not for their religion."

"That is possible. But now for your story."

"That man is Brando Navotta—Brando is short for Ildebrando," began the Padre, looking at the shabby little photograph with a sad expression in his eyes. "He, his parents and his wife have all been in my parish ever since I came here ten years ago. I baptized his little girl Cecchina, and the baby Ilario, who died and went to Paradise; and Teresa, his niece, is going to make her first communion next Easter—good respectable people, and very poor. Their work is in the vineyards, whenever there is any work to do.

"Five years ago, a man was found murdered about half a mile off, and all the circumstantial evidence went to show that Brando must be guilty. I knew he was not—I who had known him all these years, who had his entire confidence—with me there was no doubt about it. I——"

"Pardon me, Padre," I interrupted: "though I am not a Catholic, I have heard a great deal about your religion, and I have always understood that you priests cannot speak of anything said to you in the confessional. What, then, is the use of saying your friend was innocent?

You could not denounce him even if you knew he was guilty."

"Of course I could not," said Padre Giovanni. "No confession can ever be repeated unless the penitent gives permission. Brando set me free to say all I knew. Indeed, you are quite right, signore, the lips of a priest are sealed. It is a wonderful thing, that seal of confession," continued he musingly: "a marvellous grace; for even when priests have been delirious, or have lost their reason, they have never been known to speak of that which they have heard in the confessional. Brando is innocent; of that I am perfectly certain. His sentence is thirty years' imprisonment."

"Really?" I remarked. "Any part of that time in solitary confinement?"

"Three years of it. He is enduring that now. I wonder he has not gone out of his mind; but he is upheld by the many prayers said for him, the masses offered, and I go as often as I am permitted to visit him and give him all the courage I can. I have not much hope of ever getting him set free, but as long as I have breath I will try for it!"

I could not help admiring Padre Giovanni as he spoke, for his face was lighted with the fire of a strong purpose.

"How are you working at it, Padre?" I inquired.

"Going through the circumstantial evidence bit by bit. I admit it is very incriminating, and I can hardly wonder that it served to condemn him."

"What a comfort it must be to his wife and his children to know of your good work," I said.

"Yes, his wife and children still believe him innocent; his parents do not. They have said as much, and his

other friends, surprised and shocked, have all abandoned him. Poor, poor Brando! My heart aches for him," said Padre Giovanni, "and I shall never rest as long as a fragment of hope remains."

"It is a good work," I answered, for I am an altruist, and admire immensely anything that tends towards helping and ameliorating the condition of our fellow-creatures. Padre Giovanni went on to say that he had stood by the man all through the trial, until the very moment when the carabinieri had taken him off to his place of imprisonment.

He spoke of it all quite simply, as if he were only doing his duty; and yet I could not fail to see by all he said that it was stupendous labour, involving great fatigue, trouble, and the expenditure of the little he possessed. No wonder he was so thin and had a very starved look; for he told me that, so convinced was everyone else that Brando was guilty, no one would lift a finger to help him.

"Why was the murder committed? I mean, had there been any apparent cause? Was the murdered man known to have enemies?"

"It was about a trifle. The man who was murdered was old, past work, and had lived next door to the Navottas for some years. He earned a little money by going every night to the albergo near the Duomo, where the wine-carts stop on their way to Rome. You know they leave Albano late at night and then stop at Manalfi, while the men go in and refresh themselves. Well, Girolamo—that was the murdered man's name—used to go and take care of the carts and earn a few centesimi that way. Brando and he had had a little quarrel one

day a week before the murder, and so it seemed quite natural that he should be accused of the crime, for when their blood is up these people here are very free with their daggers and knives."

"I know that," I answered, and I remembered having seen in the Church of Sant' Agostino in Rome many daggers and knives hung round the great marble Madonna before which so many kneel in prayer; in these parts the people take to knives in a quarrel even faster than in the city.

Padre Giovanni talked on, and the storm ended by a heavy downpour of rain, after which I took my leave, promising to call again soon. There was something most attractive about this poor Italian priest living in his wretched little presbytery. True, the scenery was almost matchless, for from the slope of the hill on which the church stood, one looked out over the great Campagna with its wonderful colouring, the broad band of the Mediterranean, which glittered like gold in the sunshine against the sky, and away to the right that dome which, agnostic as I am, it always thrills me to see, before which crowds the most wonderful city in the world.

Before I left we had very naturally got on to the subject of prisoners and captives and what could be done for them, and Padre Giovanni had referred to the days of the early Church when, in the times of persecution, those whose goods had been confiscated needed help. The prisoners suffered much in those times from the state of the prisons, and bishops and priests took it upon themselves to do all they could to relieve the captives, whose sufferings were greatly increased by the avarice of the jailers. These

charitable ecclesiastics supplied the wants of these prisoners, and did all in their power to encourage them to be brave and strong, and to endure their sufferings in a right spirit. The deacons and laity then used also to practise this work of mercy, and helped captives in their spiritual and temporal necessities.

The subject was an interesting one, and on my return I turned over the books in our apartment for more information on the subject. The artist and his wife who owned the furniture were Roman Catholics, and there were a great many volumes on that religion as well as on the antiquities of Rome.

I remembered quite well having been into the little church of San Giovanni Decollato in the Regola quarter of Rome. A brotherhood of St. John Beheaded has met there for centuries. A modern writer on Rome says:—"It was their chief function to help and comfort condemned criminals from the midnight preceding their death until the end. To this confraternity belonged Michael Angelo, among other famous men whose names stand on the rolls to this day; and doubtless the great master, hooded in black and unrecognizable amongst the rest, and chanting the penitential psalms in the voice that could speak so sharply, must have spent dark hours in gloomy prisons, from midnight to dawn, beside pale-faced men who were not to see the sun go down again; and in the morning, he must have stood upon the very scaffold with the others, and seen the bright axe smite out the poor life. But neither he nor any other of the brethren spoke of the things except among themselves, and they alone knew who had been of the band, when they bore the dead man

to his rest at last, by their little church, when they laid Beatrice Cenci before the altar of St. Peter's on the Janiculum and Lucrezia in the quiet church of St. Gregory by the Aventine. They wrote down in their journal the day, the hour, the name, the death; no more than that: and they went back to their daily life in silence."

The same writer tells us that, because of their work of charity, Paul III. conceded this confraternity the right of saving one man from death every year. At their first meeting in August, three brethren of the confraternity were appointed by the governor to visit all the prisons in Rome, to obtain particulars concerning those condemned to death, and at their second meeting in the same month, the reports having been read, the fortunate man was chosen by ballot.

The procession to the prison is described thus:—"The beadle of the order marched first, bearing his black wand in one hand, and in the other a robe of scarlet silk and a torch for the pardoned man; two brothers followed with staves, others with lanterns, more with lighted torches, and after them was borne the crucifix, the sacred figure's arms hanging down, perhaps supposed to be in the act of receiving the pardoned man, and a crown of silver olive hung at its feet—then more brothers, and last of all the governor and the chaplain. The prison doors were draped with tapestries, box and myrtle strewed the ground, and the governor received the condemned person and signed a receipt for his body. The happy man prostrated himself before the crucifix, was crowned with the olive garland, the Te Deum was intoned, and he was led away to the brotherhood's church, where he heard High Mass in the

face of all the people. Last, and not least, if he was a pauper, the brethren provided him with a little money and obtained him some occupation ; if a stranger, they paid his journey home."

All this was interesting to me. Some people come to Rome and take no trouble to learn anything about that wonderful religion of which it is the headquarters, and hitherto I confess I had been of that number. However, Padre Giovanni's words had struck me, particularly what he had said about the unfairness of judging the Church by what her enemies said of her. When I came to reflect upon what I really believed about the Catholic Church, I found it was little beyond what I had been taught in my boyhood and childhood, by the words and books of those opposed to her teaching. However, now I was resolved to learn from the authorized sources of knowledge all I could about her.

I felt rather pleased with the thought of this employment, as I could foresee that there would be many days in winter when I should be confined to the house by bad weather. Strange that it had never struck me before as a thing to do! I would investigate, read, and study, and see if all that I had learnt about the Catholic Church were really what her official teachers taught ; whether it was true that one could purchase the right to sin by buying an indulgence ; whether they really put the Madonna in the place of God, and many things of the kind.

So I applied myself to learning about Catholicism as I should have set to work to learn a new language. It interested me, purely as a matter of knowledge, to go to functions and services, to witness devotions and practices,

to see the external working of the machine, if I may put it in that way, and to learn something about the motive power of the whole thing. It was not at all a case of searching after truth, or of trying to find out if I could submit myself to the enormous claims made by Rome. It was simply intellectual interest. I was helped, too, by finding many books on theology in the apartment, and these I read steadily; greatly to Hilda's joy, for she read them all herself, and much to Mary's sorrow, for she thought and said that I was on the high road to perdition, otherwise the Catholic Church. I laughed at them both.

Padre Giovanni's story had set me thinking how in the marvellous organization of the Church provision is made for every need the human soul can feel, and how the wants of the body also are made special subjects for care and protection. How little one thinks, as a rule, about prisoners and captives, and that any duty is owed to them by those who have their liberty and have power to help them!

Of course, Padre Giovanni's story had taken much longer in the telling than I have taken to write it. It was impossible to hear the tale without gathering from it that he had toiled and slaved in the interests of this one poor man. His means, like those of most of the Italian priesthood, were small, insufficient in our eyes even to keep body and soul together, and but for the fact that he had a little money of his own, I do not know how he could have borne the expense. Then to wade through all the papers, to ponder each detail of that incriminating evidence, never to lose hope when, as he said, humanly speaking, there was none—what a heroic occupation!

I searched through the bookshelves to see if I could find anything about St. John of Matha. I had often seen the Fathers of the Order he had founded going about in their white habit with the red and blue cross on their breasts, and I had wished to learn a little more about him. I came across a little about him in a book containing short accounts of a great many saints. He was a native of Provence, born in 1154, who took great pleasure in serving the poor, whom he was wont to tell that he had come into the world for no other purpose but to wash their feet. After making his studies in Paris he became a priest, sacrificing by that many of the worldly advantages to which his high rank entitled him. At his first mass an angel appeared to him, clad in white, with a red and blue cross on his breast; the hands of the angel were laid on the heads of a Christian and a Moorish captive. As John was uncertain what the dream could mean, it appears that he consulted St. Felix of Valois, a man reputed of great sanctity living near Meaux. He then led a life of great penance, and as the angel appeared again to him, and he still did not know the meaning of the dream, he and St. Felix both set out for Rome to inquire of the Holy Father, who told them that it was God's will that they should devote themselves to the redemption of captives. Thus was founded the order of the Holy Trinity. These Religious fasted daily and went about Europe collecting alms, which they used in Barbary to redeem the Christian slaves. John died in 1213, worn out by his labours.

It interested me also to discover that Gregory the Great was very liberal in redeeming those captives which had been

taken prisoners by the Lombards. He even allowed the Bishop of Fano to break and sell many of the sacred vessels, and ordered another bishop to do the same.

The winter passed on. We found it extremely cold, though we had stoves in the rooms and kept good fires in them. This plan much astonished our Italian friends when they came over from Rome or Albano to see us, for Italians even of the highest rank generally go without artificial heat of any kind, no matter how cold the weather may be; the only attempt at warming themselves is made by hot charcoal in a small box with grated top, which they use as a footstool. The poor people carry *scaldini* about with them, into church or wherever they may be, and warm their hands over them. These are generally earthenware pots with a handle, filled with warm embers. But in spite of keen cutting winds that blew from the Campagna, some frosty nights, and a few wet days, there was a great deal of fine weather when the sky was blue as the bluest gentian, and the sunshine really resembled the "powdered gold" to which Roman sunshine has been aptly likened.

During the winter I had gone over to Varemo several times to see Padre Giovanni, and we became very friendly. He was not a cultivated man in the usual sense of the phrase, but sincerely religious and genuinely good, and intensely interested in all that concerned his faith. He had the deepest veneration for the office he held, and often seemed to wonder that he should have had a vocation to the priesthood, of which he thought himself unworthy. In my eyes he was not unworthy, but his

humility became him, and I knew it was genuine. He had plenty to do in his parish, and the poor, of whom it was entirely composed, came to him as adviser and friend in all their troubles.

I became thoroughly interested in him and consequently in his religion, for the two were inseparable. The feasts and fasts of the Church noted the flight of time for him. He took a simple pleasure in the festas, and no one was more active than he in superintending the decorations, which to my taste were terrible, but in which he took an unfeigned and genuine pride. His artistic taste, or rather the want of it, was curious Great masses of paper flowers filled his soul with much more pleasure than the fields of asphodel which trembled under the spring breezes, or the blue eyes of the forget-me-nots which grew near the banks of the Alban lake; and the gaudy hangings of crude colour pleased him better than the severe simplicity of the marble pillars and the richly sculptured font which, for the honour and glory of the day, was thus to be hidden. Even the gold-bordered red draperies were not ornate enough to his taste; he would have liked, as he said, something richer.

All the while, day after day, he did his daily work, succoured the needy, was ever at the altar in the early darkness of the winter mornings, sat in the chilly church to hear confessions, hour after hour, too glad that the sinner should come to be inclined to murmur at weariness and cold. His lot was one which involved a denial of all the things I at least counted for the making of life pleasant. He was always ready to go to the sick and needy, and the poor found in him a keen sympathizer.

Yet as he did all this there was a shadow over Padre Giovanni that those who had known him long said had only rested on him since Brando's imprisonment. It seemed as if he could not get over it.

He often spoke to me of the matter. It was a relief to him to talk to me, as I was an outsider, and to hear my opinion when he told me the case bit by bit and explained the circumstances which made him believe firmly and undoubtedly in Brando's innocence. I had occasion to see him several times, as it happened, just after he had been to see the poor captive, when he was feeling all the reaction of the strain he had evidently put upon himself during the interview. He had told me how Brando clung to the hope that he would be the means of liberating him, and yet he found it difficult to allow him to hope.

It was on the day before Good Friday that I went over once to see him, and he was looking ill.

"Come, now, Padre," I said, "you must take care of yourself. It won't do if you are ill. You look as if you wanted some nourishing food."

"These are fasting days," said he, "but really I have had so little appetite lately that it makes very little difference to me."

"I shall be thankful for your sake when this matter is concluded," I said. "Do you see your way any clearer?" I referred of course to Brando.

"I think I do," said Padre Giovanni, smiling, "and I shall work harder than ever after Easter. Latterly I have not had much time, for the parish has many claims on me at this season. Signor Weston," he continued, "I have been thinking about you a good deal lately."

"Of me, Padre?" I exclaimed, for something in his voice struck me.

"Yes, it seems to me so sad that you should not care to examine into the grounds of our holy religion and learn for yourself why the Church claims to be the one—the only one—which was founded by Jesus Christ, and which alone teaches the same doctrines all over the world."

This was the first time that the Padre had made for me directly in this way since our first interview and talk, and his so doing that showed he was confident I should not be offended. I was pleased at this mark of his friendship.

"I will tell you the truth, Padre. I have been examining and reading a great many books," I answered. "Religions interest me. When I and my sisters made a tour in India three years ago I studied the oriental religions, and Buddhism was far and away the most captivating."

"I am glad that any motive makes you search into the question and——"

"Oh, it is not a personal affair, I assure you, Padre," I said quickly, "only I felt what you said was quite true, namely, that I should not judge of the Church by what her enemies said of her faith and practices, and I knew I had been doing so hitherto. It is merely an intellectual task, I assure you."

"Don't deceive yourself, signore; it *is* a personal question. You who are intelligent, who can read and study for yourself and are not disinclined to do so, who in fact are doing so—you are on quite another footing from those who are in absolute ignorance."

"Because I read to instruct myself about the matter, just as if it were a science or art?"

"Yes; you cannot now be considered in utter darkness as to what the Church teaches, and so you are responsible for the light. It is not the light of faith; still you have the light of knowledge."

"I shall never be a Catholic, if that is what you mean, Padre," I said, for I did not want to raise hopes in the heart of my good friend.

"No one can give you the faith, signore," said he; "one can only pray, and I do pray much for you."

I was silent. What could I say?

"You must read on," said he, "and pray for yourself that faith may be given you,—faith to see where God's Church is, and all that it can do for us in this world and the next. Signore, I wish I could tell you what it is to be a Catholic!"

"It must make a very great difference in one's life," I said; and I instinctively compared my life, led without any communication with the supernatural, with his. Apart from his priestly office, what a stupendous difference there was between any Catholic and myself! Lately I had been realizing it more and more.

We talked on. I could see he was tired. It had been a fatiguing day. There had been some long functions, and in the morning he had taken communion to the sick and infirm of the parish. The parish priest at Manalfi had done the same, and from our balcony, which gave on the village street, we had watched the procession. The working men of the village who belonged to a Society called the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, with their white albs and pink capes, were there; little girls in white held tapers. All waited outside the door where the priest, who had borne

the Sacred Host under a large umbrella held over him, had taken It in to the sick person.

Certainly the Catholic Church never loses her hold of her children! With Catholics there is the consciousness that they are taken care of, if they but live, as some one puts it effectively, "in correspondence with their environment," in such a way that they are taught how to make the best of earth and themselves, and use both so that they serve but to help and not hinder their way to heaven. In their sickness and health, in sorrow or joy, her influence is felt by her members, if they will only allow that it should be so. There is no variety of circumstance wherein frail humanity can find itself in which it cannot turn to the immutable wisdom of her teaching for health and strength.

I had been reading, as it appears, to some purpose, with the result that my admiration was excited for the Church if viewed merely as an institution. As for what I had been taught about her by Protestant books and teachers, I smiled to myself when I compared their fables—I was bound to call them such—with the authoritative declaration of her councils, and the dogmas contained in the simplest catechism taught to little children. The deep teaching of theologians, when reduced to what is absolutely of faith, is contained in the simple words which faith enables the mind to grasp, and which every instructed Catholic child knows by heart.

As for indulgences procuring the power to commit sin, the idea was ridiculous; no indulgence can be gained in a state of sin, and the benefits given by it to the soul depend on freedom from sin or the desire to commit it. I learnt, too, what was of faith concerning the Madonna, and how impossible it would be to put her, granting all the great-

ness that the Church teaches is hers, in the place of the Creator of all things. As there is a gulf between the Creator and the very holiest of creatures, so is there a difference of the greatest importance between the Sacrifice of the Mass, which can only be offered to God, and the highest veneration and the worship which can rightly be offered to any saint, or even to her who is addressed as Queen of Heaven. It was all quite plain.

I had experienced a distinct feeling of pleasure in discovering that the Church was what Padre Giovanni said it was, and that what I had hitherto believed as to her doctrines was false.

I found it excessively curious to trace the origin of many devotions; and as I read works on theology, it seemed to me that there was no more sense in denying the strictly logical basis on which every doctrine is founded than in trying to prove that two and two do not make four.

Another thing pleased and charmed me very much. I perceived there was no such thing as a religion kept for Sundays and times of affliction. This religion was not a thing apart from the daily life of its adherents, but it supernaturalized the things of every day, or at least enabled people, if they so desired it, to live always in touch with the spiritual. I thought of these things as I walked home in the late afternoon. The country was quiet. There were no bells to break the stillness, for they had been rung at the Gloria in Excelsis that morning at mass and would not sound again until Easter Eve.

As I approached the village, however, there was no stillness there, for it seemed as if every boy in the village had become possessed of clappers or little slabs of wood called

"tavole," which he beat continuously. They are used really instead of bells to mark time, but the boys rejoice in the clatter and use them just to make a noise.

I found my sisters in the drawing-room sitting by the window. Hilda was working at a stole and Mary was reading the *Rock*. After dinner we discussed what we should do next day.

Mary announced her intention of going into Rome to attend some services at her own particular church, and Hilda declared she would go to some of the functions in the village, a proceeding of which her sister highly disapproved. To Mary, Hilda's ritualistic tendencies were a source of real sorrow. She had no patience with them, and often clenched her arguments by asking Hilda why she did not become a Catholic and be in reality what she was imitating.

Hilda, who always called herself a Catholic, used to retort that she was quite satisfied to be where she was. I had however, noticed that she had given up reading the Catholic books in the house; on inquiring as to the reason, she told me her "director" had forbidden her to do so, and was supplying her with Anglican literature instead.

"But if you are a Catholic, why can't you read these books?" I had asked, and Hilda had shaken her head and said obedience was her duty.

"I think," said I, when I noticed Mary's disapproving face at Hilda's announcement as to how she should spend Good Friday, "that I shall have a good day's work at my sketch. It is nearly done, and when it is finished you shall see it."

"There is one thing I should much like to do to-morrow,"

said Hilda hesitatingly, "but I can't go alone, and I don't know if you would care to go."

"What is it?"

"The procession of the *Cristo Morto* at Albano," said Hilda.

"Mummery!" said Mary under her breath. "Poor little Eugenia was telling me of it this morning. You need not ask *me* to go!"

"Let me hear more about it."

"There is a procession through the streets of Albano, and a waxen image of the dead Christ is borne through the town."

"I should much like to see it. Yes, Hilda, I will order a carriage and we will drive there. We shall be safe out of the crowd in the carriage."

Somehow the next day I felt disinclined to work. I went to the little church down the hill, and also to the Duomo, just to look on at what they were doing.

I felt restless all day. The whole Christian world was commemorating the death of the Redeemer, and I—— well, I hardly knew what I felt, excepting that when I listened to that hymn *Pange Lingua*, barbarously sung as it was by the hoarse voices of the rough people of the Castello, it thrilled me through and through.

Crux fidelis, inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis. . . .

it rang in my ears afterwards.

There was a mist over the lake as we threw open the dining-room window after our evening meal. It rolled gently over Monte Cavo, then enveloped the lake, which is

framed by the hillsides. The only spot of light was the dull reflection of the moon in the waters. We were afraid the mist would spread, but it did not, and soon it became quite clear. The carriage came for us at a little before eight. The driver had taken the bells off the harness, he told us, in respect for the Holy Week, and in the lamp were a few flowers which he had taken from one of the "sepulchres" which he, like most of the people, had visited the day before. I had seen some of them, all being decorated in curious ways—pyramids of flowers, wheat growing in pots with a little lamp in the middle, little transparent revolving drums on which were painted all the emblems of the Passion, and flowers arranged with a certain picturesqueness. We drove under the avenue of ancient ilexes called the Galleria di Lotta, and when we reached the Porta Romana, which is at the entrance to Albano, we saw the line of wine-carts with their bells and fanlike hoods, the little dog which always accompanies them, and the bundle of hay with which to feed the horse on its journey to Rome. The sight of them reminded me of Padre Giovanni's story.

We drove through the paved streets, which were all illuminated with little oil lamps, and coloured lanterns hung out of the windows. The crowd thickened as we neared the middle of the town, where we drew up and stayed, prepared to watch the procession. There were a few *contadine* from the mountains who had the square white cloth on their heads, and the pretty costumes kept for special occasions, but the rest of the people were in dark clothes and little colour was apparent.

After a while the sound of muffled drums was heard, and the confraternity of the Bona Mors, with little boys as

acolytes, and a large cross, began the procession. Then came little girls dressed in white, with wreaths, each bearing one of the insignia of the Passion. One had the cock, another the nails, hammer, and so on, the whole being effectively lighted by the torches dripping fire, which were carried by their sides. The two thieves clad in red, with only their eyes seen, each bore a red cross; then came a copy of the winding-sheet, and the band playing a funeral march. It sounded strangely weird, and the whole thing was very curious and impressive, though somewhat bizarre. The women, clothed in black, followed, one bearing the handkerchief of St. Veronica, on which the Holy Face was delineated, then two transparencies of the sun and moon borne on poles, then black flags, and some religious and priests. Then came the centre of all interest, the bier, draped in black and garlanded with roses, and lamps placed all round it on which a waxen image of the dead Christ lay. A great transparent cross, on which was painted everything connected with the Passion, followed; and the procession ended.

The strange pathetic music, rough as it was, was touching in its way, heard under the special circumstances of the unique procession under the dark blue dome of a serene sky, and with all the added witchery of an Italian spring night.

Hilda had been very silent all through, and I felt she did not like it.

"I must say I think it is mummery, as Mary said; and a great deal was very ugly," she remarked as we drove home.

"I disagree with you as to the mummery," I answered. "Of course the whole thing has a certain daring rough

picturesqueness about it which is not strictly artistic, but it is an outcome of genuine faith. Believe me, those poor people like that waxen image, rude as it was, as well or better than the most perfect statue by Praxiteles. Art does not trouble them, and what they have devised and made their own in their own way satisfies them. One can't tell how much worse they would be without these outward emblems, which even to the most ignorant speak of things materially affecting them."

"I love everything beautiful, like the services at St. Mark's," said Hilda, alluding to her pet ritualistic church in England.

"So do I, but I can see in a manifestation such as we have just witnessed something that the functions at St. Mark's do not possess," I answered, and Hilda changed the subject. She knew she could never defend the position of ritualists to me, as the whole thing was in my eyes a travesty of the religion which refused to have anything to do with them until they submitted individually to the See of St. Peter.

I thought a good deal of Padre Giovanni the next day, I could not tell why; and on Sunday I thought I would go over and wish him a happy Easter. However, I was not able to go till the end of the week. I was astonished at the joy I saw in his face when he came to meet me.

"Rejoice with me, signore! I know you will," said he. "My labour is over! Brando has been found to be innocent, and to-morrow he will be free." It was easy indeed to congratulate my good friend and to enter into his happiness.

"Why, you look years younger, Padre!" I said as we sat in his little parlour and he went over every detail of the circumstances which he had placed before the Court as absolutely proving the innocence of poor Brando.

"I think I look as a rule older than I am," said Padre Giovanni. "I am only fifty."

I was indeed surprised, yet I could easily believe that the appearance of age had come as a result of his great work of mercy in taking the cause of the poor convict so much to heart. The devotion of so many years, under the apparent hopelessness of the case, had told upon him, and I noticed that when the excitement of telling me all about it was over, and his expression assumed its habitual tranquillity, that the change had been only transitory.

The next day the poor man was to come from Rome, and I needed no pressing when Padre Giovanni asked me to come and assist at the rejoicings on his welcome back. The weather was gorgeously fine. The Mediterranean seemed like a wide band of gold against the horizon. The whole sweep of the Campagna lay serene in the morning glory of the spring, the stone pines of the Pineta raised their green heads above the soft shades of the olives on the hill-sides. The lake was tranquil and blue, reflecting a sky which had hardly a cloud on it. On the vines which a few days before had seemed but fields of crossed sticks there were beautiful touches of vivid green, and in the grass were anemones, forget-me-not, asphodel, and many other flowers. All nature seemed rejoicing; for spring, beautiful everywhere, is singularly lovely in Italy.

As I neared Varemo I saw that there was a general stir in the place. People in their best clothes stood in groups

talking, children were excited and ran about in wild excitement, and I soon learnt that the whole village was turning out to welcome the ex-convict home. Those who had believed in his innocence, and they were very few, were proud and triumphant; and those who had not, chose to forget the fact in their love of anything in the shape of a festa and joined in the general gaiety. I found the Padre very quiet and silent. His hand trembled as he took mine, and I could see how much he was feeling. We talked on indifferent subjects until he was summoned by a man from the village, and then he went and stood on the steps of the church.

Brando tore himself through the crowd; Cecchina, his little girl, in her white dress, the one she had worn at her confirmation, and Teresa in her first communion dress, kept close to him, while his sobbing wife would not let go his hand.

Then Padre Giovanni opened his arms and held to his breast for a moment the man whose liberty he had won. It was a thrilling moment and I felt my eyes grow dim. Then the *guardie* in cocked hats, who were trying to maintain order, made way for me to get into the church, where the Padre celebrated a mass of thanksgiving, and Brando with bowed head knelt close to the altar rails.

When the mass was over the Te Deum was sung, and those outside who had not been able to get into the church took it up, and sang the magnificent words with grand and soul-stirring enthusiasm.

Brando had gone to his home, the crowd following him, and I went to look after my good friend.

He had promised, he said, to go to the Navottas and

share the little feast of welcome, which he of all others had the best right to attend, but he could not go; he did not feel well.

As he spoke a change came over his face, his arm dropped, and I, who had had some medical training at the time when I thought of being a doctor, saw that he had a stroke of paralysis—a natural result, to one of his temperament, of the years of anxious toil and severe mental strain.

Padre Giovanni lived for two months, quite conscious, but only able to speak indistinctly. He often looked wistfully at me, and said how he wished I was a Catholic. I longed to give him the pleasure of knowing that I had the Faith, but I could not conscientiously raise false hopes. He was very happy and very much at peace, grieving only at his inability to say mass and do his work, and yet resigning himself absolutely to the will of the God he had served so faithfully. On all sides I heard of him and his good, simple life and unremitting work among those who in many cases were hard to deal with, ungrateful and unthankful, careless and indifferent to their eternal interests, anxious only to be free from the restraining influence of the Church.

It was on the first of July that, when I went to Varemo, I heard the end was very near. I was told he had had the last sacraments that morning, and just then the priest now in charge of the church was saying the last prayers. I slipped in and saw the wistful look of recognition, and small as my faith was, I knelt while those prayers were said. Their beauty struck me much, for I had never read or heard them before.

It was soon over. The struggle was mercifully short, and Brando's sobs broke the silence. After a quick sigh Padre Giovanni's soul went to God. He was buried the next morning, in accordance with the law which requires interment to take place in twenty-four hours.

As we gathered round his grave in the sunny churchyard an official in Government uniform was seen at the presbytery door.

The king had heard—so we learnt afterwards—of Padre Giovanni's persevering toil to obtain the liberation of Brando Navotta, and he sent him a letter expressing the highest admiration of his conduct. This was accompanied by the Cross of the Knight of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, one of the highest distinctions in Italy.

It had come too late.

But there was one reward for his noble conduct for which Padre Giovanni would not be too late, and that was the words of the King of kings: "In prison and ye visited Me."

* * * * * *

All this happened two years ago.

Hilda went into a High Church sisterhood, and Mary not long ago married a parson of the Broad Church type. They will have to live with his mother, who is as advanced a ritualist as Hilda, so I foresee that the household will not be a very happy one, for Mary cannot keep her opinions to herself.

After Padre Giovanni's death, something—I don't know what—decided me to talk the matter of the claims of the Church over with an English priest with whom I had just become acquainted. His clear explanation of difficult

points helped me much. Then came the day when I felt I could put off the decisive step no longer.

Faith, as Father Faber says, comes "into unlikeliest hearts." It came as an angel into the prison of my soul and liberated me from the bonds of unbelief, from the fetters of agnosticism which held me. I cannot doubt that Padre Giovanni's prayers helped to bring this about.

TWO ENGLISH MARTYRS

VENERABLE J. BODY, LAYMAN, AND VENERABLE J. MUNDEN

By JOHN B. WAINEWRIGHT

THE VENERABLE JOHN BODY

(1549–1583)

John Body was born in 1549 at Wells, where his father, according to Bishop Challoner, was a wealthy merchant, and had served the office of Mayor. At the age of twelve he was sent to Winchester College. The roll for the year 1562 was a long one containing twenty-six names, among which are found those of John Bustard, Giles Gallop, Anthony Twichener and Gratian Brunell, of whom the former two suffered exile, and the latter two imprisonment, for the Catholic faith. In due course John Body proceeded to New College, Oxford, where he became "true and perpetual Fellow" in 1568. On the 16th of January, 1575-6, the Visitor of the College, Dr. Horne, the Protestant Bishop of Winchester, (whose nephew, the Wykehamist, Adam Horne, then a Fellow, was to die three years later at the English College, Douay), opened his visitation by his commissaries, (themselves both Wykehamists), John Kingsmill and Thomas Bilson, M.A., his future successor. Nothing much was done by them, though in the course of their inquiries we find that John Body was accused of the heinous offence of keeping

dogs in College.[1] On the following 1st of February he took the degree of M.A.[2] In June following the visitation was resumed by Dr. Horne in person, who seems to have behaved in a most truculent and doubtfully legal manner. In the event seven Fellows were deprived, including John Body.[3] He was, no doubt, in reality deprived for his Catholic sympathies, whatever the nominal reason may have been; for, on the 1st of May in the next year, 1577, he arrived at the English College, Douay, to study civil law, in company with John Rasyn, or Raison, formerly a Cantor in Wells Cathedral. Both of them were convictors for some time at the College, and both matriculated at the University of Douay, though it does not appear that either took any degree.

On the 27th of August, 1577, John Body went to Amiens to visit the relics of St. John the Baptist there, returning to Douay two days later; and on the 27th of February, 1577-8, he set out for England with Mr. Rasyn.[4]

Wood[5] states that when beyond the seas "he took upon himself priestly orders," but this is a mistake. He returned to England a layman. It is not quite certain that he was not married, for the following entry in the Acts of the Privy Council,[6] though it may refer to his mother, would seem, *primâ facie*, to allude to his wife. It is dated 24 June, 1581, and runs as follows: "This daye Marie Bodye, wyfe of John Bodie in the countye of Somersett, entred into bond in C^li^ with two suerties to observe the generall condicions appointed for the recusantes, and so was uppon her humble sute to the Lordes

[1] *New College* (Oxford College Histories), pp. 133 sqq.
[2] Wood's *Fasti Oxonienses*, i. 199.
[3] *New College*, ut supra, p. 137.
[4] Knox, *Records English Catholics*, vol. i. pp. 119, 128 129, 135, 278, 333.
[5] *loc. cit.* [6] Dasent, *Acts of Privy Council*, xiii. p. 101.

enlarged."[1] It is not certain how John Body employed himself on his return to England previous to his arrest. It has been stated, but I know not on what authority, that he, like his fellow-martyr, the Venerable John Slade, was a Hampshire schoolmaster.[2]

He was arrested in 1580, though the precise date of his commitment to prison is unknown, and from the 5th of September, 1581, to the 28th of April, 1582, he was fettered with iron shackles. On the 11th of January, 1582-3, a search having been made by Sir Richard Norton, William Wright, and Thomas Fleming in the chambers occupied by recusants in Winchester gaol, copies of the following works were found in that occupied by Body and Slade: *Allen, of Purgatory; A Christian Exercise; A Treatise of the Church; Smyth, of the Mass.*[3]

Before the 24th of April, 1583, they had been tried at Winchester and condemned to death, on which date the Rev. George Birkett, a Seminary priest and native of Durham, wrote a Latin letter from London to Dr. Allen (printed *Records Eng. Cath.*, vol. i. p. 353), from which I translate a passage, as follows: "Body and Slade, most valiant soldiers of Christ, have been condemned to death at Winchester; but have not yet undergone their sentence. Before the judgement-seat they pleaded the cause of the Catholic Religion with such prudent answers and so much fervour of soul, that they have drawn back the greater part of the County of Hampshire from the churches of the heretics. Before this, indeed, many gentlefolk in that district were Catholics; but now not only the majority of the gentlefolk, but even the very rustics, fly to join us from all sides."

There was, apparently, some flaw in this trial, and

[1] Mary Body had apparently conformed by the following 27th of November, ibid, p. 265.

[2] *Victorian History of Hants*, vol. ii. p. 79.

[3] *Record Office, Domestic, Elizabeth*, clviii. 19.

the two heroes were again indicted at another sessions, held at Andover on the 19th of August (S. P. Dom. Eliz. clxii. 8), on the same indictment, and again condemned. The following Stonyhurst document is quoted by Father Pollen, S.J., *Acts of English Martyrs*, pp. 51, 52: "John Body and John Slade were arraigned at the Assizes holden at Andover upon the Supremacy. Among the rest were present Dr. Humphrey, who used persuasions to convert them, and vouched a place out of Eusebius, that Constantine the Great did call the Nicene Council upon his own authority, as he says, whereby he concluded that the Emperor's authority was above the Pope's; and urged upon the place in this sort: 'Constantinus vocavit consilium.' Mr. Body answered: 'Indeed *Constantinus vocavit concilium, sed ex sententia sacerdotis*,' and that these were the words of the author, whereof the one said yea, and the other nay. 'Will you pawn your consideration thereon,' said the Doctor. 'Yea, and my life and all that I am worth,' said Mr. Body, 'if you will pawn your credit,' and so demurred upon that issue. The book that night was sent for. Next day when judgement was to be given, the judge according to the course asked: 'How sayest thou, Body, what canst thou say for thyself why thou shouldst not have judgement to die?' Slade answered, 'What! is the matter come thereto? Where is Mr. Doctor?' and Mr. Body drew out the book from under his cloak and opened it, and pointed to the place where the words were as he had said. One of the judges plucked a pamphlet out of his bosom which the Doctor had left with them [*i.e.*, the judges] and cast it unto them [*i.e.*, Body and Slade], for the Doctor had gone away overnight. . . ."

The Dr. Humphrey above mentioned was the then Dean of Winchester, Laurence Humphrey, D.D. It appears that the discussion begun at Andover was

continued at Winchester after the second trial, Body and Slade being opposed by the Dean aforesaid and by the Warden of Winchester College, Dr. Thomas Bilson (already mentioned); and Body then handed them a paper with notes taken out of Eusebius' account of the Nicene Council.[1] This, or a similar paper, given by the martyr to the Sheriff at his death, is still in existence.[2] After the martyr's death a Farnham gentleman named John Hardy, who was a Wykehamist some twelve years senior to our martyr, and had been deprived of his New College Fellowship in 1562 for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy, happened to remark after dinner to Peter German (the Vicar of Farnham), and another (one Peter Hampden), that he considered that Dr. Humphrey had got the worst of the argument. Mr. German reported this, Mr. Hardy was arrested, and his depositions, together with those of Mr. German and Mr. Hampden, were forwarded by the Justices at Guildford to Sir Francis Walsingham on the 10th of January, 1583–4.[3]

"After their second condemnation," says Father Pollen, "Body wrote a letter to some friends at Rheims, a copy of a part of which is preserved at Stonyhurst. This seems to have been made for transmission to Rome, and is endorsed by Dr. Barrett: *A Part of a Letter written by Mr. John Bodey out of Prison, to Mr. D. Elie and Mr. Reynolds, a little before his martyrdom, in the behalf of his Brother* [*Gilbert*] *now at Rheims.*" The persons to whom the letter is addressed are Humphrey Ely, LL.D.,[4] whose acquaintance Mr. Body probably made in Douay, and William Rainolds,[5] with whom he had been six years at New College. The part that has been preserved runs as follows:—

[1] R.O. Dom. Eliz. clxvii. 15.
[2] Ibid. clxii. 8.
[3] Ibid. clxvii. 15.
[4] *Dict. Nat. Biogr.* xvii. 344.
[5] Ibid. xlvii. 182.

"I hope it shall not hinder him in this point, that he was taken with a blessed Martyr, Mr. Briant[1] in London, lying in one chamber together, for whose sake he was piteously scourged in Bridewell and afterwards imprisoned in one of the Counters. Since which time, being then enlarged upon bond of appearance at a call within a limited time, which long ago is expired and he never called, he hath kept himself secret, not daring to come into the view of the world for fear of another apprehension; and now he hopeth to be there where he may live in some quietness of serving God without fear. I beseech you, therefore, and either of you, even for charity sake, and for the love of God that he may have your lawful furtherance either by your letters or as you shall think good. As for my own part, here I live twice condemned, which perhaps may seem strange unto you, and not once dead. I have not wanted, I thank God, anything necessary for me except the full service of God [*i.e.*, Mass] for the space of these three years, and somewhat more since I was first imprisoned. I am now cunning, I thank God, in wearing of iron shackles, and can take heed of interfering. I have been now twice clogged with them. The first time was from the 5th of September, 1581, as well night as day, until the 28th of April next following; at which time my keeper (not the first, for he is deceased, but another), was grievously reprehended for showing such favour, and commanded to lay irons upon me and Mr. Slade again, with straight charge to keep us one from the other, and to see that no access might be to us. But we consider that iron for this cause borne on earth shall surmount gold and precious stones in Heaven. That is our mark, that

[1] Blessed Alexander Briant was arrested 28th of April, 1581 (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.* vi. 309).

is our desire. In the mean season we are threatened daily, and do look still when the hurdle shall be brought to the door. I beseech you, for God's sake, that we want not the good prayers of you all for our strength, our joy, and our perseverance unto the end. And thus with my commendations to yourselves and others which know me, I commit us all to the grace and mercy of the Blessed Trinity. From our school of patience, the 16th Sept., 1583.

"Yours, as you know,

"JOHN BODEY."

Father Warford, in an account printed by Father Pollen, p. 56, says : "One of these two, Body, I think, as trustworthy Catholics relate, saw in a dream the night before his death, two bulls attacking him very furiously, but without at all hurting him, at which he was much astonished. The next day two hangmen came down from London to execute him, and, as they walked on either side of him, he chanced to ask their names, and as they one after the other answered that they were called Bull, he, at once remembering his dream, said : 'Blessed be God ; you are then those two bulls who gave me such trouble last night in my dream, and yet did me no harm.' He then joyfully composed himself for death."

Cardinal Allen, in his brochure, entitled, *A true, sincere, and modest Defence of English Catholiques, etc.*, published at Rhemes in 1584 (though the copy in the British Museum contains neither date nor place of publication on its title-page), writes on p. 5 as follows :—

"Add to these the two famous confessors M. John Slade and M. John Bodie, who both by certain interrogatories being driven to say their mindes touching the Q[ueen's] challenge of supreme regiment ecclesiastical (contrarie to the asseveration of this libeller set down before), for confessing their

faith of the Pope's spiritual soveraigntie and for denying her to be head of the Churche of England or to have anie spiritual regiment, were condemned to death in publique judgement at two divers sessions, and that at twise, (a rare case in our countrie), the latter sentence being to reform the former, (as we may gesse in such strange proceedinges), which they perceived to be erroneous and insufficient in their own lawes. Whereupon one of them [Slade] was executed at Winchester, th' other at Andover in the same province : being never charged with disloyaltie or olde treasons, as not onelie by the records of their arraignment and condemnation we are able to prove, but also by the whole action of their martyrdome, which is put in print by one of their own protestantes that was present, and is witnessed by thousands of others that both heard and saw their deathes and judgement." A marginal note to this passage says, "The book is entitled The several executions of Slade and Body, etc., imprinted in London by Richard Jones, 1583." The Protestant in question signs himself R. B. ; but the title-page is lacking in the copy of the tract in the British Museum. From the above copy it appears that the High Sheriff of Hampshire at the time was Robert White, and that one of the "Justices of the Peace" present at both executions was—*mirabile dictu*—Benjamin Tichborne, Wykehamist and Catholic, afterwards a baronet. From the above-mentioned copy I extract all that refers to John Body, merely modernising the punctuation, which is extraordinary, and the spelling, which fluctuates. The tract itself is mainly in black letter.

"The Execution and Confession of another Notorious Traitor named John Body (sometime a Master of Art in Oxford), who was likewise (for high treason against her Majesty) drawn, hanged, and quartered, at Andover on Saturday, the 2 of November, 1583.

"John Body, a Master of Art sometime in Oxford, (a companion to this Slade), was carried from Winchester to Andover, a town ten miles from Winchester, where the Assizes were holden, and where they were condemned. There was he, on the Saturday following, drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and being laid on the hurdle he spake thus: 'O sweet bed, the happiest bed that ever man lay in, thou art welcome to me!' Then, taken from the hurdle, he spake to Master Sheriff, as concerning a disputation which had passed between him and Dr. Humphrey about Constantine the Emperor, and he had written in a sheet of paper certain articles in answer to Dr. Humphrey, which he would have read before the people, but, because the time was short, he could not read them, but gave them to Mr. High Sheriff, that Dr. Humphrey might see them. When the hangman put the halter about his neck, he said: 'O blessed chain, the sweetest chain and richest that ever came about any man's neck!' And so, kissing it, he suffered the hangman to put it about his neck. There was also present Master Bennet, who laboured very godly and earnestly to dissuade him from his evil opinion, but all was in vain, he was so obstinate and wilful. He likewise appealed upon his faith, which, (he said), was the cause of his death, but Sir William Kingsmill told him he died for high treason against her Majesty, whereof he had been sufficiently convicted. 'Indeed,' (quoth he), 'I have been sufficiently convicted, for I have been condemned twice, and you may make the hearing of a blessed Mass treason, or the saying of an *Ave Maria* treason; you may make what you please treason; but I have committed no treason, although, indeed, I suffer the punishment due to treason.'

"'Why,' (quoth Mr. High Sheriff), 'you know the Pope hath excommunicated her Majesty, and you

forsake her and cleave to him. What say you to this? You deny her, her special authority, and will not acknowledge her for your lawful Queen.' 'Yes,' (quoth he), 'in those causes that pertain to her I acknowledge her my lawful Sovereign, and Queen; but for the special cause I will abide a thousand deaths before I consent to it; and if the Pope have done well, let him answer it; if he have done ill, let him likewise answer it! I acknowledge her my lawful Queen in all temporal causes, and none other.' 'You shall do well then,' said Sir William Kingsmill, 'to satisfy the people in the cause of your death, because otherwise they may be deluded by your fair speeches.'

"'You shall understand,' (quoth he), 'good people all, that I suffer death for not granting her Majesty to be supreme head of Christ's Church in England, which I may not and will not grant.' 'Well, then,' quoth Master Sheriff, 'ask her Majesty's forgiveness, and then desire the people to pray for you.' 'In troth,' quoth he, 'I must needs ask her Majesty's forgiveness, for I have offended her in many ways, as in using unlawful games, excess of apparel, and other offences to her laws: but in this matter you shall pardon me. And, for the people, because they and I are different in religion, I will not have them pray for me: but I pray God long to preserve her Majesty in tranquillity over you, even Queen Elizabeth, your Queen and mine, and I desire you to obey none other.'

"At length saying, 'Jesu, Jesu, esto mihi Jesu!' three times, he was put beside the ladder, and quartered according to his judgement.

"FINIS."

Father Pollen quotes the above account from a MS. in the Westminster archives, which differs from the pamphlet verbally in a very few places. He

observes (p. 57), "It may be noted that though the Martyrs are described throughout as traitors, the report is in other respects not unsympathetic. May it not be that while written by a Catholic, this half-transparent device was adopted in order to allow of its publication in England? The initials would suit Robert Barnes, who was condemned [on the 3rd of July] in 1598, to be hanged for felony, because he had harboured the Martyr John Jones, *alias* Buckley, O.S.F." *vere* Griffith Jones, who was succeeded in his living of Kilken in the diocese of St. Asaph after deprivation in 1564.[1] Robert Barnes was not executed, but remained in prison for the remainder of Elizabeth's reign.[2]

According to a Douay MS., quoted by Bishop Challoner, John Body's mother, "hearing afterwards of her son's happy death, made a great feast upon that occasion, to which she invited her neighbours, rejoicing at his death as his marriage, by which his soul was happily and eternally espoused to the Lamb." The same author also mentions our Martyr in his interesting *Chapters from the Chronicles of Syon*, contributed to *The Poor Souls' Friend* (chapter xx.). Here we read that one of the Sisters, Elizabeth Saunders, when in Winchester gaol, and in doubt as to the means of escape, obtained advice from various persons, and in particular, "five or six gentlemen, some of whom were learned men, and two of them, Mr. John Body and Mr. Slade, suffered martyrdom a few days later. These gentlemen were of the same opinion as the priests, that I should not take to flight, because of the scandal that might follow, but they thought I might procure my liberty in another way, to wit, by money." The whole account of this good Sister's life in Winchester gaol throws a valuable light upon the life of the Winchester Martyrs.

[1] See Dom Hamilton's *Chronicle of St. Monica's*, 41, 51, 52. Gee's *Elizabethan Clergy*, 259, 283.

[2] *Chronicle of St. Monica's*, 42, 51, 83.

THE VENERABLE JOHN MUNDEN

(1543–1583)

John Munden, born at Maperton, Dorset, entered Winchester College in 1555, then aged 12.[1] He proceeded in due course to New College, Oxford, where he became a Fellow in 1562. When the Visitor's Commissary, George Acworth, Doctor of Laws, visited the College on the 20th of September, 1566, and tendered to all on the Foundation the oath of canonical obedience to the Visitor, Horne, the Protestant Bishop of Winchester, Mr. Munden refused, and was suspended. He was eventually deprived for not having communicated since the accession of Elizabeth.[2] His history for the next fourteen years is almost a blank, but it appears that he went down to his native county and employed himself as a schoolmaster. There he made the acquaintance of one John Chapman, who, (having taken his M.A. degree at Oxford in 1567 and become Rector of Wheathall, Somerset in 1571,) was Vicar of Little Cheney, Dorset, from 1572 to 1574, and Rector of Langton Herring, Dorset, 1575 to 1579. Chapman was converted by Thomas Bluet, and went to Rheims, where he was ordained priest, and sent on the Mission in 1581. In August, 1583, he was in

[1] Kirby, *Winchester Scholars*, p. 132

[2] *New College* (Oxford College Histories), pp. 117–119.

prison at Winchester, and on the 8th of that month the Bishop wrote to Walsingham, inclosing his examination, in which this passage (for which I am indebted to Father Pollen, S. J.) is relevant : " Him, this examinant, also sayeth that he was acquaynted with one Mondayne, who was schole mayster of Dorchester, and of diverse other places in that Countie, and sayeth that he was accompted a Papist, and was in trouble for religion during the time of his being there. And being examined when this Mondayne was att thys present, sayeth that he cannot tell, neyther had he any conference with hym " (S. P. Dom. Eliz. clv. 8). In 1580 an entry occurs in the Diary of the English College at Douay,[1] then temporarily at Rheims, of which the following is a translation : " On the 9th of October, John Munden arrived from England. He was formerly a Fellow of New College, Oxford,[2] and is now a student of civil law. At Dover, before he was allowed to get down from his horse, a tipstaff came up and took him to the mayor's house. The mayor, learning that he purposed to pass beyond the seas, let him know that this might by no means be with his good will, unless he should first openly proclaim the Pope to be a sorry knave. This he refused to do, and had in consequence to undergo a searching examination and scrutiny : for they despoiled him of all his clothes down to his shirt, and would have stripped off that also, had he not at first offered valiant resistance. At length they espied a purse hung to a clasp about his neck, in which was money to the value of forty-six French crowns, and forty shillings beside. Then at the sight, as though they had found the expected booty, they desisted from the scrutiny. He left his

[1] *Records English Catholics*, vol. i. p. 172.

[2] Marginal note : " Dedicated to Blessed Mary the Virgin and founded by Bishop William Wykeham of blessed memory."

money with them, and has come to us." Soon, however, further sums must have been transmitted to him, for when he left the College on the 12th of August, 1581, he took with him a letter to Father Alphonsus Agazzari, S.J., the head of the English College, Rome, in the course of which Dr. Allen writes[1]: "He is a man utterly Catholic and honest, and is setting out to Rome mainly out of devotion. He is not unfitted for the priesthood: but up to the present he has not asked for it, and we have not urged him much, because he has not lived at the expense of the College." He appears to have presented the letter, and to have lived for sufficient time in the College to be regarded as its alumnus[2]: but he must have left it before being ordained priest, as in his answers to Walsingham, hereinafter quoted, he states that though a priest, he was not of the Seminary. On the 13th of June, 1582, he was back at Rheims already a priest[3]; and on the following 6th of August,[4] he left for the English Mission. There, as Father Pollen tells me, it appears from Bishop Kennet's MS. xviii. 25 that he used the name of George Coryat. One of this name (whose life is given in *Dict. Nat. Biogr.* xii. 258) was two years junior to Munden at Winchester, but became Scholar and Fellow of New College in the same years with him, viz., 1560 and 1562.

The following is a translation of the account of his arrest and death given in the *Concertatio Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, 1594 edition, pp. 140, sqq.:

"In the year from the Virgin-Birth 1583, towards the end of the month of February, Mr. John Munden,

[1] *Records English Catholics*, vol. ii. p. 104 (translated).
[2] Foley, *Records Eng. Prov. S.J.*, vi. 111, 146.
[3] *Records English Catholics*, vol. i. p. 189; cf. vol. ii. p. 148.
[4] Mr. Gillow's warning (*Bibliog. Dict.*, v. p. 142), that he is not to be confounded with John Munden, of Wells Diocese, is very necessary.

a priest, on his way from Winchester[1] to London, met on Hounslow Heath one Hammon, a lawyer,[2] with others in his company. Now Munden was known to Hammon, and already so close before his sight that there was no opportunity of retreat or flight. So, as the matter admitted not of counsel nor of consultation, he did under the deplorable circumstances what first came into his mind. Lightly wrapping his cloak about his head, he set spurs to his horse, and galloped forward at full speed: then, drawing near to Hammon, saluted him in a low voice, and so was passing on his way. 'What, Munden!' quoth the lawyer. 'The same,' replied the priest. 'Glad am I,' quoth Hammon, 'that thou hast met me. Whence comest?' 'From Winchester,' said he. Then Hammon: 'And with whom didst thou lodge at Winchester?' 'I used a public hostelry,' said the priest. 'Certes, Munden,' quoth Hammon, 'it must be thy business to go back with me.' 'By no means,' saith the other, 'if thou show me not first by what authority thou dost this thing. I know indeed that thou holdest a magistracy in the county of Dorset, but here hast no jurisdiction. As there I recognize a keeper of public peace, here I see only a private citizen.' 'So be it,' quoth Hammon; 'thou shalt well perceive that I lack not authority to apprehend thee even here.' And so, having no means of resisting nor yet of escaping so great a multitude of men, he was taken and brought back as far as Staines, the magistrate of which town wrote at once to Wolsey, the Latin Secretary, who, on the next day, caused him to be brought before Walsingham, the Secretary of State.

[1] Henry Holland, in his *Urna Aurea*, cited in the Appendix to Challoner's first volume, says "Windsor."

[2] Possibly William Hammon, who entered Winchester College in 1561, aged 11, from St. Dunstan within Temple Bar, London (see Kirby, *op. cit.*, p. 137).

"Walsingham, therefore, put many questions to the priest, as is customary—(now, at his examination were present Lord Grey and many others)—in what place he received holy orders? whether he was of a Seminary? who had sent him back to England? who had paid the expenses of his return? To all of which he replied:—That he had received sacred orders at Rome; that he was not of a Seminary; that he had returned to England of his own free will, and that concerning money for the future, he had scarce considered the question. Then Walsingham with a great outburst of words—such was ever the wont of the raging chief magistrate, of his own accord and without occasion given—inveighed against the Seminarists, and against a certain book, being the New Testament, translated word for word into English, which said book had lately been completed by them in accordance with a prescript of the Council of Trent, and vehemently accused them of want of skill both in history and in foreign tongues.

"The good priest, despairing of his ability to quell this whirlwind of language, kept prudent silence, fearing also, (as he afterwards ingenuously confessed,) not death, but that awful torture of the rack, harsher than all forms of death. Then the Secretary, taking his silence ill, proceeded to those bloody questions, which are, as it were, a sacred formula never addressed but to victims already destined to death.

"In the first place, he asked what he thought of Nicholas Sanders, his famous landing in Ireland? 'I know nought of his coming thither,' he replied, 'and so 'tis not clear to my mind, whether he did well or ill. Let himself answer to it.'

"Then the Secretary: 'If the Pope,' quoth he, 'or some other prince should invade this kingdom, what wouldst thou do, or what in thine opinion

should a good citizen do? And what thinkest thou of this matter, whether the Pope can deprive the Queen of all right to the throne?' To this Munden: 'I beseech thee,' quoth he, 'most noble lord, an it please thee, force not these questions upon me. No theologian am I: only the civil law have I studied awhile, and so being but little versed in these matters, I know not at all what reply I should give.'

"Walsingham then asked him of the Queen, whether he held her to be the true Queen of England, and when Munden answered 'yea,' he asked him again whether he held her as true Queen of England, both *de jure* and *de facto?* 'I understand not sufficiently,' said Munden, 'what these terms may mean.'

"'What, accursed traitor!' cried Walsingham, 'dost refuse to answer me this?' And therewith he suddenly dealt his face so violent a blow with his fist, that the poor man lost his wits and stood all astonished, reeling to and fro, nor could for a time remember where he was, and afterwards for many days complained that he heard on both sides with greater difficulty than was his wont. Then, coming to himself, he felt such consolation of divine power, such courage and such strength, that, quite forgetting all the sorrow and sadness of his former ills, he became wholly glad and cheerful, and desired nothing so much as that he might suffer somewhat for the manifestation of Christ's glory.

"Having thus carried off the prize in the first conflict, the Secretary, on pleasure bent, hurled against him many taunts and revilings utterly unworthy of a chief magistrate, and then summoned an official who performed a messenger's functions, called a pursuivant, and bade him conduct the priest to the Tower of London, and to take his horse with all its trappings as a reward for his pains.[1]

[1] Father Pollen, S.J., informs me that the Tower Bills in the Record Office give February 12, 1583, as the date of his com-

"Having come thither, the holy man was thrown into that small prison-house called Broad Arrow Tower. There he was at once laden with iron fetters, and for some time spent his nights on the bare stone floor. Being brought forth thence publicly on a day, he was taken to Popham to be examined of him anew: and in that place many things were said against him, but this in chief, that in his own country he had led an unclean life, and therefor was ill-esteemed among his neighbours.

"This charge owed what likelihood it had simply to the words of men whom none would believe on their oaths. Natheless Munden, returned to his prison, was so sore afflicted thereat that signs of unwonted sadness marked his face: which, when one of his fellow-prisoners, himself a priest, noted, he asked what had rendered him full of thought and sadness beyond his use. Then Munden told him all that had happened in order, and how beside the other crimes, which rested on no foundation at all, they had falsely charged him with incontinence, and how he bore this ill, for the charge being noised abroad among the people, a great blot of shame would result not to himself alone but also to all his fellow-captives lawfully contending for the faith, and so to the most chaste and pure cause of the Catholic religion. But the other, being more advanced in years and more experienced in life, and as Munden's confessor well aware that he was a good servant of Christ, free from all this kind of guilt, answered him thus:—

"'No cause is here to grieve,' said he. 'Rather rejoice and give immortal thanks to God, bearing in mind what the Saviour said: *Blessed are you when men shall revile and persecute you and speak all manner*

mittal, and he is certified to be there in the list of Tower prisoners for March, 1583.

of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is plenteous in heaven; for so they persecuted the Prophets who were before you. For from the very beginning of the nascent Church it hath ever been noted that the venomous tongues of heretics have been the means whereby the impure demon hath attacked the pious and sincere worshippers of God. For, when the wicked serpent despaireth of his power to detach them from the purity of religion and morals that they profess, it must content him to minish, if by any means it can be compassed, that good report and reputed holiness whereby they greatly further the cause of religion; and to that end he stirreth up certain profane men, who have long ago made shipwreck of their faith and modesty, to sharpen their tongues like serpents, and to thrust out the poison of asps which is under their lips against the Saints of God: and if they have found out aught that these have ever at any time done which presenteth any appearance of evil, they presently wrest it into a charge: otherwise they feign something themselves which they think may hurt their good name with the people. So far, however, from this being in any way derogatory to the Church of God and the Catholic religion, the very architects of the structure of fraud achieve only this, that their own malice becometh clear to the world, and the innocency of those whom they have slandered is made far brighter than before. And of this there are many examples, not only in ancient times, (as in the case of St. Athanasius and other most holy men, whom the Arians and other followers of heresies accused of murder, of rape, and of other crimes,) but also in these last days within our own memories (as in the case of Thomas Cottam,[1] that illustrious martyr, who on the

[1] Blessed Thomas Cottam suffered at Tyburn May 30, 1582.

very gallows was falsely accused by a wicked robber of souls—a Calvinist minister, and also in the case of that venerable Confessor, the Archbishop of Armagh,[1] against whom certain enemies of truth and chastity were not ashamed to bring a like charge of rape: but all these strivings had at last but this end, that the holy prelate whom they attacked was wholly freed from all suspicion, and their own malice and impudence were so shamefully manifested that for the future none durst believe them even when they spoke the truth).'

"With these words and others to the like purport the pious confessor so freed Mr. Munden's soul from all the scruple that he had felt (lest he had brought shame on Catholics) that thereafter he enjoyed a wonderful calmness of spirit and easily despised whatever treacherous men said against him.

"On the 6th of February [1583–4], Mr. Munden was brought to trial and condemned to death, together with some others, for having conspired against the life of the Queen (as 'twas pretended) both at Rome and at Rheims.

"When he heard the sentence of death, then with a very joyous and calm countenance he recited with those others that were to share his holy martyrdom, that great hymn of SS. Ambrose and Augustine, *Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur*: for at once he felt so great and so unwonted a cheerfulness of spirit, that, as if he had already laid aside the heavy burden of the body, he could not but testify, in face and voice and the whole carriage of his person, the joy that was poured out through the inner man.

"From that time onward he showed no sign of sadness, but to his last breath remained wholly

[1] Richard Creagh died in the Tower, October 14, 1585 (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.* xiii. 63).

joyous and merry. For, presently after the sentence was passed, when he was being led back to prison, not far from Westminster Hall he met his sister's son, and some others, eager abettors of his cause, now utterly cast down at his afflicted fortunes : he saw also many, on this side and on that, who could not content themselves with the disaster of a shameful death which he was soon to undergo, but must needs rail at him and mock him. But the blessed martyr, truly following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, passed on through the midst of them, and neither was moved by the mourning of his friends to relax aught of his priestly dignity, nor seemed ever to lend an ear to the mad cries of his foes ; being all full of joy and all, as it were, drunk with a foretaste of the wine of the banquet at which he was soon to be a guest. To his nephew and friends, however, he spoke a few words, so instinct with the unction of consolation received from on high, that they who came weeping returned to their families cheered, in such wondrous wise that others, who shared in their grief, became in their turn partakers with them of the divine consolation.

"Then, when he had come near to the Tower, many of those who had remained at home and had not been present at the Courts, when they saw him transported beyond the rest with unaccustomed joy, both themselves rejoiced greatly, and congratulated their friend in such wise as they could, thinking it certain that by the sentence of the judges he had been set free. So little could men, in whom flesh and blood were yet strong, comprehend his triumph, the triumph of one already dead.

"The day before he suffered, about eventide, (at which time, as the shadows deepen, the thought of impending evils is wont to deepen too, especially when men are lonely and lack all human comfort), the good father mentioned above anxiously ap-

proached the blessed man to console a son whom he expected to find utterly bowed down beneath the weight of evil, and to strengthen him by his pious exhortations to face the struggle that awaited him. But when he came to him he found no sign at all either of sorrow or of fear ; but rather so saturated was he with the sweetness of interior consolation, that he needed not such exterior fomentation as words could supply. Thus the father who came at eve a consoler, went away next morning greatly consoled himself, lamenting but one thing that he was not to be a comrade to his son on his sacred way and in his last agony.

"On the next day, the 13th[1] of February, which was to be the blessed man's first day of life and last of death, he came forth from his chamber in the morning to be led to the place of execution,[2] and as he paused a little on the way waiting for the other four priests[3] who were to share his martyrdom, an old woman, who was present, addressing the priest, could not restrain herself from crying aloud, 'O that mine were the happiness that my soul might be where thy soul will be in a few hours' space!' Whereat tears came into the eyes of the man of God, betraying the tenderness of his heart. And now the other prisoners had arrived, and one by one they were delivered by the governor of the Tower, as the custom is, into the custody of the sheriff of the county, that punishment might be taken of them according to the sentence of the judges. Then the official executioner in the sheriff's train at once asked which of them was Munden, and when he answered, 'I am he,' 'Miscreant,' quoth he, 'I will treat thee as thou deservest' ; and having made

[1] Stow and other authorities say the 12th.

[2] Tyburn.

[3] The Venerable Martyrs George Haydock, James Fenn, Thomas Hemerford, and John Nutter.

many railing accusations against him, and chiefly that he was the corrupter of high-born youths, and especially of those that had been entrusted to his teaching, (whom certainly he had brought from the filthy conventicles of heretics to the Catholic Church, the holy and immaculate Bride of Christ), he bound his sacred hands together with the utmost barbarity, and laid him bound on a hurdle and drew him along the ground to the gallows. There, after he had seen the other priests bravely striving for the Catholic Faith and gaining at length the victory, last of all he himself began the fight, having them in turn spectators of his conflict and faithful witnesses in heaven : and when, fighting with equal constancy and faith he had overcome the gibbet and the noose, the knife and the axe, and all the machinery of barbaric cruelty and butchery, and when the testimony of his noble deed had been received by earth and heaven, he passed away to a perpetual triumph, wherein they too have a share, in Jesus Christ the King and the Rewarder of Martyrs to whom be all honour and glory. Amen."

Dr. Oliver, in his *Historical Collections* (1857), p. 362, has preserved a most touching letter[1] written by the venerable martyr to his cousin Ducke, who may be the "Mr. Ducke, one of the gard in Q. Marie's tyme," mentioned as living at Antwerp about 1575 (S.P. Dom. Eliz. cv. 10).

"Cosyn Ducke, I am now warned to prepare against to-morrow to go to dye, and yet I hope in Jesus Christ to live too for ever ; and having almost forgotten you and others my friends, was like to have passed you in silence ; but I pray you make my humble commendation first and especially to

[1] The original autograph is at Stonyhurst, *Anglia A.*, vol. 1, p. 17.

my good Master and my onely patron Mr. Hyde ;[1] secondly to that good Dr. Farnam, the sweetest man in Christendom to live withal ; thirdly, and so lastly, to Mr. President,[2] Mr. Bayly,[3] Mr. Rainolds,[4] and all other my good friends, desiring them all most hartely to pray for me ; and if ever I dyd ever offend any of them, that they will forgive me : so I committ you to God, desiring that we may have together a joyful resurrection, with my hearty commendations biddinge you farewell for ever in this worlde. Your loving frynd and Cosyn,[5]—JOHN MUNDYN."

[1] *I.e.*, Dr. Thomas Hyde, his old headmaster at Winchester (See *Dict. Nat. Biogr.* xxviii. 401).

[2] Dr. Allen (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.* i. 314).

[3] Dr. Thomas Bayley (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.* ii. 432).

[4] Wm. Rainolds the Wykehamist (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.* xlvii. 182).

[5] In the original MS. the name is spelt Duche and Dutche, but from an inspection of the *Douay Diaries*, pp. 194–202, it would seem that this must be the Martyr generally known as the Venerable Edmund Duke (1590).

Additional Note.—It is worth while recording that the official record of Mundyn's trial is to be found at the Record Office, *Coram Rege Roll*, 26 Elizabeth, Hilary, rot. 4. The record of the acquittal of Archbishop Creagh is on the *Controlment Roll*, 20 Elizabeth, rot. 46. The refutation of the slanders, both against him and against Cottam, may be found in Bridgwater's *Concertatio Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, f. 216 b.

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